

AGITATION:

OR,

M E M O I R S

O F

GEORGE WOODFORD

A N D

LADY. EMMA MELVILL.

IN THREE VOLUMES.

DEDICATED (BY PERMISSION)

TO THE HONOURABLE

Mrs. LIONEL DAMER.

*By the Author of The RING, and  
The FALSE FRIENDS.*

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A NEW EDITION.

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V O L. II.

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L O N D O N :

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A G I T A T I O N :  
O R,  
M E M O I R S  
O F  
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A N D  
LADY EMMA MELVILL.

---

**H**E strolled into the park, but found no variety, it was hot, dusty, and disagreeable; from thence he went to the St. James's Coffee-house, where, to his great joy, he met an officer in the guards, with whom he had formed an acquaintance just before he left town.

VCL. II.

B

Major

Major Linley was what is termed a jolly companion, and soon found means to rouse the spirits of George, who was quite eat up with the spleen. Linley expressed some surprise to see him in town. I came but yesterday, returned the other; but by my faith those two days have already appeared a month. I suppose you are on guard, major?

I have been; but this is the last day. To-morrow I shall take a trip to Tunbridge Wells; will you accompany me? With all my soul; do you know who is there?

No; I suppose you have heard Freemore is married.

Not I; to whom pray?

Why,

Why, your old flame, Lady  
Susan Flutter.

The devil ! and has her ladyship  
consented at last to make him happy,  
as the world terms it ? Rather say  
unhappy ; but upon my soul,  
Woodford, you did not use her  
well, not to marry her.

I marry her ! I never spoke of  
marriage to *her* in my life.

Well, you know best ; but every  
one says she wedded Freemore out  
of spite to you ; but shall we go  
to the Wells to-morrow, or not ?

O yes, by all means, for I am  
confoundedly sick of this place ;  
my chaise shall be ready at whatever

hour you please to appoint. Seven in the morning was fixed on, and after agreeing to dine together they parted.

They arrived early the next day at the Wells, where they were pleased to find a great deal of company, among whom were Mr. Freemore and his lady. They met at the rooms, and though Lady Susan first blushed at the *rencontre*, she soon entered into conversation with Mr. Woodford, who, after paying his respects, seated himself by her, and soon gained her as a partner for the evening. He enquired after Mr. Freemore. She told him he was at the rooms, she believed, but she had not seen him since breakfast. In the course of the evening he met Mr. Freemore, who very cordially



cordially welcomed him to the rooms. He was a constant visiter at the apartments of Freemore, and was rallied by the major and several of his acquaintance whom he met there; he sometimes retorted again, and sometimes only laughed at them. Three weeks were spent in this manner, when Lord Freemore with his daughter and lady arrived there.

Our hero, who had for some days been tired of the company of Lady Susan, now attached himself to Miss Freemore. Delighted at the preference he gave her to many other pretty women, she tried all in her power to fix him for her own.

But in this she was mistaken; George had no intention of marriage with any one; his thoughts were still, when alone, on Miss Melvill. He knew she had loved him with a pure affection—an affection that would have been lasting, had he endeavoured to restrain his passions. Sir Charles had answered his letter immediately; it was a mixture of reproof and pity; it likewise contained some wholesome advice, which it had been better if he would have listened to. He also told him he had offered himself to Lady Harriot Nevill, and met with success, and was partly promised her hand on their arrival in town.

These

These were the heads of his letter, but George took notice that his friend mentioned not a word of Farmley-Castle ; he smiled to himself, and vanity told him it was no want of friendship, but a fear of his supplanting him. Those were his thoughts, nor were they altogether fallacious ; as Sir Charles had very little desire, till he had secured Lady Harriot for a wife, that Woodford should be so closely connected with her as he must be if he went to the Castle. He thought himself possessed of her esteem, if not of her love, and he also knew she would not give her hand without her heart ; he was therefore unwilling that a handsomer and cleverer fellow than himself (for Sir Charles had not a great

deal of vanity) should step in before he was sure of that heart, and perhaps carry off the prize. If Guildford had rightly known the temper of the lady, he needed not have been under any apprehensions, as she would never have consented to have given him her hand without her heart. Lady Harriot was not one of those giddy females who accept of the first man that offers for a husband, that they may be rid of the authority of their parents; but too often their situation is altered for the worse, instead of better. She had a most kind and indulgent mother, by whom she was scarce ever controlled, for this reason, indeed, that she seldom or ever did, or desired any thing that was wrong. They were true friends, and asked each



each other's advice in every thing they did. Here give me leave to observe, that if every mother and daughter did the same, (I mean when the latter is arrived at years of discretion) it would be better for both. The mother who takes the pains to form the mind of her child, finds the benefit of it in the end; if that child has a bad disposition, she may have a hard task to accomplish. Forgive me this digression, my fair readers, as I have no doubt but you would rather hear of George Woodford, with all his foibles, than be pestered with the stale, old-maidish reflections of a female author. I will, therefore, proceed, and, if possible, avoid falling into the same error again.

Six weeks had slipped away at Tunbridge, but at the end of that time, it began to grow languid and dull. Lady Freemore was sick of seeing the same faces over and over, whilst Lady Susan was as heartily sick of George, whom she found she could make nothing of, and wished to go to some other place, that she might gain some new admirers, as she found none here ready to supply Mr. Woodford's place, and he had, for the last fortnight, attached himself to her sister-in-law. As the latter was quite giddy with delight, she thought herself sure of George for a husband, and all places were to her alike, provided Woodford was by her side. Both my lord and lady encouraged him, as they had heard of the rupture with the  
Mel-

Melvills, my lady wishing to get rid of her grown-up daughter, and my lord of an incumbrance. The latter now proposed their going for a few weeks to Freemore-lodge; this was readily assented to, and miss, the next morning, told Mr. Woodford her father's intention, at the same time asking him to accompany them. George started at the bare sound, and answered with precipitation—not for the world, and soon after left the house. Miss Freemore, though unknowingly, struck a dagger to his heart. He thought of the many pleasing hours he had spent in Herts; he passed the day in discontent and vexation on his own folly, and in the evening had recourse to the bottle—a recourse he had too often made use of, of late.



late. The next morning the Freemores sent for him to breakfast, which invitation he, with reluctance, complied with; it was as he feared, for their whole discourse was on their journey, and their sorrow that Mr. Woodford would not accompany them. At length, to his great relief, a servant told Lady Freemore the chaise was ready, and George led them to it, heartily glad to be rid of them, and a subject that gave him excessive pain, whilst Miss Freemore seemed ready to faint at the parting, and pressing his hand with a sigh, I hope, Mr. Woodford, we shall soon again meet in town. He only bowed, and negligently said, I hope so too, madam. The chaise drove off, and our hero returned to  
his



his lodgings in rather a melancholy mood ; he threw himself into a chair revolving his past follies, when he was suddenly roused by the entrance of Sir James Sedley.

This gentleman had been in Northamptonshire with his sister, but was now come to town to settle a little business; this being done, they intended to set off for the old family mansion in Wales; but Sir James calling in Bruton-street, and hearing Woodford was at Tunbridge, having consulted his sister, determined to take a ride, and persuade him to accompany them to Bangor, which George gladly assented to; and having settled a few preliminaries, and dined with Major Linley, they posted to town,  
and

and next morning set off for Sedley-mount. Their journey was safe and pleasant ; Mr. Woodford was much pleased with the country, and as the Sedley family was much beloved, they never wanted for company.

The Welch ladies were much charmed with the visitant of Sir James, and all strove to please him, but no one in particular succeeded ; for as there were no great beauties among them, George paid his attentions equally ; and so happy a knack had he at compliment, that were there twenty in the room, he had a different one for each, and no one could boast of being praised more than her neighbour :—the same in dancing ; he was generally  
allowed

allowed to be one of the finest, if not the best, dancers in England, and let him be in whatever assembly he would, his hand was coveted by all the females; but here he took them in succession, and danced with a different one every ball there was. Had he always acted in so prudent a manner, he might have been happier; but was, just at this time, on the stool of repentance. Often, while climbing the Welch mountains, has he thought of his Emma; sometimes he has accused her of want of love for him; then thought of his own folly, and found cause to upbraid no one but himself; then again, he would determine to forget her, but this he found impossible. Before he left town, he wrote to Sir Charles Guildford, wherein



wherein he told him, he was going into Wales with Sir James and Miss Sedley, at the same time, desiring him to make his excuses to the countess and Lady Harriot, for not waiting on them at Christmas.

Sir Charles received not a little pleasure from this epistle; he was pleased to find his friend in such agreeable company, and glad he declined the visit to Farmley-castle; but as it contained nothing that wanted a reply, and not being fond of writing, he did not answer it, as he was busied, at that time, in sending directions to his servants and tradespeople, to have every thing ready for his marriage, as he had prevailed on Lady Harriot to  
give



give him her hand on their arrival in town.

The Freemores had been for some little time at the Lodge, though miss was very much discontented, and wished to go to town, as she had no doubt but Woodford was there by this time. She had, by the means of the servants, spread it about the country, that she was engaged to Mr. Woodford, and that she should certainly be his wife the ensuing winter. This soon reached the ears of Miss Melvill; she could not resist a sigh at the news. Miss Haverford, who was still with her, raved at him, for so soon breaking his word, as he assured Mr. Melvill he would never be any other's than his daughter's.

My

My dear Sabina, said Emma, you are now, indeed, too severe. Why should he lead a single life on my account ? every thing must be at an end between him and me ; he has known Miss Freemore nearly as long as me, and if she loves him, as I really believe she does, he may be as happy with her as any other woman.

And do you really think as you say, Emma ?

Most certainly I do ; I have often told you, that I think of him only as a lost friend ; my regard is turned into pity for his faults. But your love, my dear, said Sabina, what is that turned into ? interrupting her.

I should

I should really have imagined that regard was synonymous to love in a woman ; at least mine is, or was such. But, replied Emma, far from wishing him to remain single, I shall rejoice very much to hear he is married, as a prudent and good wife, may, in time, break him of his caprice and folly. Miss Haverford shook her head, but said nothing ; she knew full well, that her friend's heart was still his, and that to hear of his marriage with another would cost her not a little pain. She had avoided speaking of him till the Freemores came down ; but as the two families were a great deal together, and the former was continually speaking of George, it was impossible to pretend to forget him any longer. Often, when  
Emma

Emma was present, would Miss Freemore produce some little trinket, and when it has been admired, she would say——yes, it is very pretty, Mr. Woodford chose it for me, or, Mr. Woodford gave it me ; at the same time, perhaps, that Mr. Woodford had never seen it, for she only did it in the hope of teasing Emma, who she thought, and indeed with reason, was the occasion of his not coming to the Lodge ; nor did her malicious attempt fail, as a starting tear or sigh generally appeared when he was mentioned.

Things were in this situation when the latter end of November carried the Freemores to London, and at the same time brought letters  
to



to Mr. Melvill, informing him of the death of the Earl of Beverly. This hurried them immediately to town, when Mr. Melvill found by the will, that though the old earl had taken no notice of him or his family during his life-time, he had left him every thing at his death—house, furniture, plate and linen included, excepting fifty thousand pounds to Miss Melvill, now Lady Emma, who was his god-daughter. There was a great deal of ready money besides, all of which he had left with the title, excepting a few legacies to his servants, for he was a great miser during his life-time, and thought much of the most trifling expence.

Mr.

Mr. Melvill, now Earl of Beverly, with his wife, the countess, rejoiced no otherways, at this vast acquisition of fortune, than that their ability of doing good was enlarged, whilst Lady Emma sighed, that the power was denied her of sharing her's with the man whom she still found she more than esteemed. Her brother, Lord Melvill, envied his sister having so large a sum in her own possession; not but what he was heartily glad, that he should now have it in his power (his father not limiting his expences) to spend more of his time and money in St. James's-street. The earl and his lady proposed residing the rest of the winter in Cavendish-square, in hopes of dissipating the melancholy of  
their

their beloved daughter, which seemed rather to increase. They had prevailed on the aunt of Miss Haverford, to let that young lady pass the winter with them, which she had consented to.

The Countess of Beverly's rank soon brought very fashionable people to her house, and in less than two months, her assemblies were crowded with what the world terms the best company. By this means, Lady Emma's thoughts were diverted from dwelling so intently on Mr. Woodford, though she sometimes wondered a little at not having seen him any where in public. The beginning of January brought the Countess of Farmley, Lady Harriot, and Sir Charles Guildford



Guildford to town; and three weeks after, her ladyship resigned her liberty to Sir Charles. We will here leave the London folks, and take a peep at Wales. Neither Sir James, his sister, or Mr. Woodford found themselves inclined to leave Sedley-mount till the middle of February, when, to the infinite regret of their neighbours, they set out for town. On their arrival, they each retired to their respective homes. George found, on looking in the visiting-book, that most of his acquaintance were in the seat of dissipation and folly. Fatigued with his journey, he spent the evening at home; but the next morning dressed, and went to the house of Sir Charles Guildford, to give him and his lady joy of their nuptials,



nuptials, which the papers had informed him of before he left Wales, though he had entirely overlooked the death of the Earl of Beverly. But neither Sir Charles nor his lady being at home, he returned to Bruton-street, and did not go out again till evening, when he ordered his carriage to the opera. As he passed through the coffee-room, he heard one gentleman say to another — not know her, Jack! why it is Lady Emma Melvill, daughter to the Earl of Beverly, and a charming girl she is. George immediately directed his eyes to the spot where their's were fixed, when he indeed beheld his Emma, with a gentleman who was handing her into the pit, followed by the countess and Miss Haverford. He was

some moments immoveable ; but at length went to the pit-door, where he again soon descried her ; and as he could with more convenience there observe her motions, he thought he had never seen her look so handsome as she did at that moment. Her dress, though mourning, was elegant, and only served to shew her complexion and shape to more advantage. Our hero gazed on her with delight, till the pit became so crowded she was hid from his view. He then contrived to get a seat a few rows behind her, when he could sometimes hear her voice. He enjoyed a pleasing delirium till the opera was over, and then followed her again into the coffee-room unperceived, and was but a small distance from her, when  
he

he heard a female voice scream out—Lord, if there is not Mr. Woodford! Lady Emma turned her head, but on meeting George's eyes, a death-like paleness overspread her face; but instantly recovering herself, she had presence of mind to return a curtsy to a respectful bow he made her; then giving her hand to the gentleman that was with her, she quitted the house.

Miss Freemore, from whom the scream had proceeded, now pestered him with a thousand questions: much rather would he have followed Lady Emma, but politeness compelled him to remain where he was. He answered her interrogatories, such as, where he had been, and where he had hid

C 2

him-



himself so long, as fast as possible; and then asked her how long the old Earl of Beverly had been dead. She told him about three months, but was very backward of saying any thing further, excepting that the gentleman with Lady Emma was the Marquis of Fanningford, and that it was thought it would be a match. This was a dagger to the heart of George; and not all the intreaties of Lady Freemore or her daughter, could prevail on him to go home to supper with them. This was matter of much sorrow to Miss, who had scarce had an easy moment since her coming to town, where she made no doubt of finding her lover, as she vainly thought, ready to throw himself at her feet; but



but how great was her disappointment when she could not even get intelligence where he was gone; she was, therefore, happy once more to see him, and dispaired not of again enslaving him, as she indeed thought she had at Tunbridge. Thus were her thoughts employed during their ride home. Far, very far different were those of our hero: Is it possible, cried he to himself, that if she really ever loved, she could so soon forget me? No, no; she never had any affection for me, it's plain—yet let me consider; may not this be a tale of Miss Freemore's to make me jealous? her malicious brain might have fabricated this, in the hope that in a fit of despair I might offer her my hand; but I will search to

the bottom to-morrow ; Guildford must, without doubt, know the truth, and dares not trifle with me. He went to bed, but sleep for some hours forsook his eyes.

He rose early next morning, and before ten went to Sir Charles's house. He found them at breakfast, and was received both by his friend and Lady Harriot with great friendship. Their *dejeune* being over, she begged the excuses of Mr. Woodford, telling him she was going to her mother, as she every morning when she had breakfasted, paid her respect to the countess. George led her ladyship to her carriage, and then returned to his friend, where they soon entered on the topic nearest the heart of our hero.

hero. Sir Charles informed him how the will was left, and where they lived ; what Miss Freemore said, continued Sir Charles, concerning the Marquis of Fanningford, is not entirely void of foundation ; certain it is that the Marquis has made proposals to the earl, but his answer was—my daughter, my lord, is her own mistress, but you have my consent to try to gain her heart, though I fear it will be in vain. He then went to the lady, and I was told she peremptorily refused him as a lover, though not as a friend.

O, my friend ! returned George, ten thousand thanks for this intelligence—yet, why should I say so ? she never can be mine ! Her



rank and condition now hinder all thoughts of that, if she ever could pardon my faults.

Indeed, Woodford, I will not pretend to flatter you: Fanningford is a great favourite with the ladies; he is very handsome, without the least grain of foppery or vanity; (here George felt a conscious twinge) a large estate, without any incumbrance, and fewer foibles than, perhaps, any one of his sex besides.

Heaven forbid, Guildford, but what you have given too high a colouring to the picture! for if he has half those *agremens*, he can't fail of succeeding with a woman of Emma's taste.

On



On my honour I don't think I have flattered in the least; and there is scarce the shadow of a doubt made by the world in general but he will succeed.

Are you acquainted with the marquis, Charles?

Yes, through Lady Harriot's means I am very intimate with him.

Then you certainly know from himself what terms he is on with Lady Emma.

Indeed, George, you are mistaken; the marquis never boasts of any favours he receives from a lady; he is humility itself, and is

not in the least conscious of the power he has over the fair sex in general. Woodford only answered with a sigh and a shrug; and morning visitors coming in, he soon after took his leave.

Lady Emma had scarce thought less of George than he had of her. She had been in remarkable spirits the evening before, but they had received a considerable damp at the sight of our hero; and so oppressed were they, that she was forced to plead a sudden indisposition to excuse her attendance at supper. The marquis, who supped at the earl's, expressed great uneasiness, though he had no idea of the reason of her illness; he had not minded the  
excla-

exclamation of Miss Freemore, nor had he seen George.

This young nobleman became acquainted with Emma at an assembly, and so struck was he, that he immediately waited on the Earl of Beverly; but he received the answer already related by Sir Charles Guildford. He was much disappointed, but as he was neither forbid the house or the sight of her ladyship, he determined to do all in his power to gain her affections. He richly deserved every thing Sir Charles had said of him, and Lady Emma would often say, that, excepting one, he was the most agreeable man she had ever seen. Miss Haverford felt the full force of what her friend said, and in her  
mind



mind thought him one of the first among the agreeables. Till the marquis's appearance, her thoughts had been always humble ; she had tried to check them, but found it no easy task ; she was likewise forced to put on dissimulation unnatural to her, to hide from her friend the true state of her heart, as she knew if Lady Emma could bring herself to marry the marquis, her friend's happiness would be an impediment ; she had not yet been discovered, and her whole study was to continue so. The earl and countess were much shocked to see the effect the sight of Woodford had on their daughter, and gave up all thoughts of ever seeing her wedded to another. For this reason they determined to  
set



set a private watch over his conduct, unknown to any one but themselves. The watch pitched on was their son, who would never have given a favourable account, if there had been room for so doing. But fortunately for his malevolence, and unfortunately for George, there was soon full occasion for censuring his conduct; for as if an evil genius pursued him, he again, in spite of the friendly admonitions of Sir Charles Guildford and Sir James Sedley, launched into all kinds of *dissipation, riot and debauchery*. In vain did the tradesmen sue for the just payment of their debts; he every day rendered himself more unable to pay them; and though he often met Lady Emma in public, always avoided her.

That

That young lady was once more tolerably serene, and as she daily heard unfavourable reports of him, she found her heart more and more strengthened against him; yet could she not bring herself to give her hand to the marquis. She assured her parents, that though she should never for the future feel any inconvenience from her regard for Woodford, yet she found it impossible to give any other man the place in her affections he had once held. In this manner did she likewise reason with Miss Haverford, and indeed with the marquis; for as she considered him in the light of a friend, she did not scruple to tell him the real state of her heart—that she had given it, when young, to one she then thought deserving, but

but that his conduct had long since obliged her to give him up. She did not mention his name, though from several hints in the family, and from his acquaintance, he soon discovered the prodigal ; and so far did this amiable young nobleman's good-nature carry him, that he determined to get acquainted with Woodford, and, if possible work a revolution in him. But this was entirely put out of his power, for George shunned every place he was in, and would never return the least civility shewn him by the marquis ; still would he have endeavoured, through the help of Sir Charles, to have rendered himself less formidable, but by the incidents which succeed, was at length forced to give up all hopes. Our hero was more  
fre-



frequently than ever at Lord Freemore's, but the so long expected declaration did not come. He treated Miss Freemore with more freedom than ever, and took liberties not proper for any young lady to grant, unless assured he was one day to be her husband; but as two months had already slipped away, and no offer was made, my lord determined to speak himself.

He, for this purpose, one morning desired Mr. Woodford's attendance in his library; when they were seated, Lord Freemore said, I think, Mr. Woodford, the alliance between you and the Beverly family is entirely broke off.

Why,



Why, yes, my lord ; but what then ?

What then, sir ! why, I must now ask you, what your intentions are here then ?

I have none in particular, my lord.

No ! what then are your reasons for your behaviour to my daughter ?

Good heavens, sir ! sure you don't think me such a churl as not to have it in my power to behave with civility to any other woman, though my affections are engaged.

Your

Your affections engaged ! to whom pray ?

To whom ! why, to Lady Emma Melvill.

You told me just now, that every thing was at an end in that family.

On their side, sir, I will allow it is ; but on mine, no woman must ever think she can supplant, in my affections, Emma Melvill.

Then give me leave to tell you, Mr. Woodford, you are a villain !

I humbly thank your lordship, bowing low ; but pray may I ask in what ?

In

In what, sir ! have you not tried all in your power to gain my daughter's affections ?

You astonish me, my lord ! I can challenge Miss Freemore to say I ever talked of marriage. I have ever found the ladies willing to oblige me, the least I could do in return was, if possible, to please them ; but as to matrimony with any one of the sex, 'tis as foreign to my thoughts at present as taking a leap to the moon.

Let me tell you, Mr. Woodford, you are an insufferable coxcomb, and insolent young man ; and from this hour I desire you will never enter these doors again.

Most

Most agreeable epithets, my lord, I must confess; but your age secures you from my resentment, I will therefore wish you a good morning, and shall carefully observe your commands, and sincerely hope Miss Freemore will soon be settled to the mutual satisfaction of all parties. He then quitted the room and house immediately, not at all sorry to part with an acquaintance which had long been irksome to him. He left my lord greatly enraged, and Miss Freemore was almost in hysterics on hearing he had given her up for ever.

Our hero had now nothing to do but seek some other silly female to exercise his power on; and as fortune generally favours the untoward,



toward, so it favoured him, and threw in his way Miss Harley, Sir Charles Guildford's cousin, whom he had not seen this winter. It has been already observed, that this lady's spirits carried her sometimes beyond the bounds of decorum; this was the case now, for she was so exhilarated at the sight of George, that she set no bounds to her joy. He was soon sensible of this, and absolutely, notwithstanding her relationship to Sir Charles, formed the base resolution of gaining her for a mistress. This was an extreme of folly he had never hitherto allowed himself, but he seemed determined to stick at nothing to sink himself still lower in the opinion of his friends; all moral reflections were fled, and if he ever found himself

self inclined to a serious thought, he had recourse to his bottle.

It was with the greatest pain Sir Charles beheld his once loved friend so lost to every sense of honour and remorse. Often would he take occasion, when he found him a little sober, to lay before him the errors of his conduct; but he was no longer to be convinced, he laughed at all propriety and decorum, and would hear of neither.

Lady Harriot was pained to the last degree for him, though she seldom saw him; for the man whose company was courted by every female, had now rendered himself unfit for the presence of any modest woman. Many were the drops  
shed

shed from the eyes of the amiable Lady Emma, as the whole town rung of his vices; some through malevolence, and some through an insatiable love of scandal, were continually filling her ears, and pestering her with his faults.

At length the Earl of Beverly determined to pay a visit himself to this lost young man. He did the following day at one o'clock, but was informed by the servants their master was not up. No matter for that, replied the earl, I will wait till he is stirring, and without ceremony walked into the parlour.

The servants were both strangers, and knew not the earl, but thought, by the plainness of his appearance,



pearance, and the few airs he gave himself, he was a tradesman who called for the payment of his bill. For this reason they took little notice of him, nor so much as shut the parlour-door, which the earl had purposely left open; by this means he heard all their discourse, which was not much to the credit of their master.

This jargon continued for about half an hour, when a single rap struck the door. One of the fellows looked through the hall window, by my faith, said he, if there is not that old fellow, Squarely, again.

What the devil does he want?  
cried the other.

Want !



Want ! why the payment of his bill to be sure.

Why, d — him, did not my master tell him he had no money ; what signifies his boaring him in this manner.

Why, upon my soul, John, I don't know what to say to it ; a hundred and fifty pounds is a good deal to a man in trade.

Ah ! well, I wish too the Lord that was the largest sum he owed. Here Mr. Squarely knocked again.

Well, said the former, we must let him in — he did, but told him Mr. Woodford was not up. So much the better, I will wait till

he is, for I must see him. He seated himself in the hall, when a general silence ensued.

The earl now withdrew behind the door, where he could hear without being seen, as he feared some one might come in who knew him, and he did not want George to know who it was that wanted him, till he himself saw him.

Soon after this the baker came, who delivered his master's humble respects to Mr. Woodford, but could not serve him with bread any longer, unless his bill was discharged.

Several others also came, but all retired except Mr. Squarely. Various

rious were the conflicts the earl went through during this scene; but he had not yet been witness to enough.

At last arrived an elderly man, but meanly dressed, who, with an obsequious bow to Mr. John, (the other being gone out of the hall) desired to know if his honour was at home.

Yes, yes, returned the insolent, he is at home, but not up yet; what signifies your troubling him so often, friend.

I am sorry for it, sir; but I have a wife and seven children.

D 2

Ah,



Ah, ha! honest man, that is your constant din, but we can't help that you know; so saying, he again seated himself, and took up the news-paper.

Could I but be permitted to see him, said the other again, I am sure his honour would let me have it, as five guineas can be nothing in his pocket.

If it was but five shillings he could not let you have it now, but you may wait if you please. The earl was scarce able to keep his seat, so greatly shocked was he at the above discourse. At length Mr. Woodford's bell rung, and John quitting the hall, Mr. Squarely asked

asked the poor man what his business was.

Why, fir, I keep a little print-shop in Broad St. Giles's; and his honour, about nine months ago, came and bought three prints, which I allowed him for five guineas. He said he had not the money about him, but I should be paid on the delivery of them; but I have never seen a farthing of the money since.

Mr. Squarely shook his head, when the bell again ringing, the man came down, and going into the parlour, desired to know the earl's name.

No matter, friend, I want to see him. Another half hour elapsed, when John again came down, with, my master desires to know either your name, or your business, sir.

I shall tell neither, replied the earl.

Finding him thus peremptory, he again left him, when soon after Woodford came out on the stairs, and calling to the servant:—tell Squarely his bill shall be discharged in a few days; likewise tell the other fellow, his paltry debt shall be sent him to-morrow; and the other, if he don't chuse to leave his name or business, he must call some other time, as to-day I am engaged.

Here



Here the earl rushed out, and turning to the servants, who stood grining in the hall :—tell your master it was the Earl of Beverly wanted him ; that he came to be convinced if what he had heard was true ; and tell him likewise, he is convinced. With these words, uttered in a most tremendous tone, he left the house, in a state of mind not to be described, and left Woodford, who heard the whole, ready to sink with shame, horror, and confusion. He vented the most bitter imprecations on his servants for not describing the earl more justly, as they had told him they thought he was some tradesman, or an attorney.

Some hours passed before he was himself; he then went out, and had recourse to his usual remedy, to drive away all thought and conviction. When the earl got to Portman-square, he went to his study, and gave way to a train of thought which crowded to his mind. He reflected on the friendship that subsisted between him and the late Mr. Woodford, and likewise the pleasure he and his lady felt when they thought of a match between the young people. And are all my hopes come to this? said this truly-good man, with his eyes moistened with tears of sorrow. O! let this be a warning to parents, never to bring their children up together, for fear their hopes should be blasted as ours; or any of the  
the

the parties meet the disappointment my Emma has.

Here Lady Beverly came in, for she knew her husband's intentions ; but how shocked was she to hear the result. Could we but prevail on the dear girl, said the countess, to give her hand to the marquis, she might be happy. Yet to force her inclinations—that we cannot do. No, that would be cruel to the last degree ; and if Woodford can be such a deceiver, I can scarce trust any man ; besides he is now certainly at the highest pinnacle of vice ; yet I dare not nurse the idea, nor cannot think there is any hope of amendment. Here they were interrupted by the voice of their daughter, who came running up



the stairs to see where they had hid themselves. This made my lord and lady endeavour to clear up their countenance, in which they pretty well succeeded.

George, in the meantime, was constantly at Mrs. Harley's, and the giddy Clara often contrived to receive him alone. By this means many liberties were taken with her, which were not proper for her to grant; but as he was never sober of an evening, that pleaded his excuse the next morning. Once in particular, she reproved him for his behaviour the evening before. He entreated pardon, but sued in vain. She declared she would never see him more, unless he told her his real intentions towards her. Thus  
closely

closely pressed he knew not what to answer, for he found he had no simple person to deal with, though he did not think her so artful as she really was.

My dear Clara, said he at length, can you but for a moment doubt my intentions? If you will consent to a private marriage, I will make you mine instantly; but if you want a public one, I have several affairs to settle, which renders it impossible for me to take home a wife just yet.

Well, but who is to be privy to this marriage?

What a question, my angel! no one but ourselves and the parson to be sure.

And

And pray why not Sir Charles, or at least my mother ?

And why not all the world, madam ? Besides your mother would do nothing without consulting Sir Charles ; and so cursed surly is he grown since his marriage with Lady Harriot, that we have not been on good terms for some time. At this moment Sir Charles himself entered the room. I am afraid I disturb you, said he.

O, not in the least, sir, (viewing himself in the glass) I was just going. Good morning to you, Miss Harley—your servant, Sir Charles. As soon as George withdrew, Guildford drew a chair, and sat down by his cousin.

Mr.



Mr. Woodford is often here methinks, Clara.

Why, yes, I think so too, Sir Charles.

Well, but I wish he was not here so often.

And pray why not?

You are no stranger to the dissolute character Woodford now bears; and to tell you the truth, I don't like your so often being seen in his company.

Then why pray, sir, did you ever introduce him here?

When

When I brought him here, madam, I considered him as one of the dearest friends I had. I knew he had many follies, but I never could have thought he would have so many vices. You know the Melvill family has discarded him; you likewise know the affair of Miss Freemore, which has caused so much conversation; and do you, Clara, likewise wish to be talked of? But give me leave to put a final end to suchlike discourse for the future, by desiring you from this hour to break off all connection with him, both for your own honour, and that of your family.

I am as tenacious of my honour and that of my family as you can be, yet do not see any occasion to  
forbid.

forbid Mr. Woodford the house, if he is inclined to visit here.

I once thought, Miss Harley, my advice would be taken without applying to a superior power.

Your advice, sir, where it don't immediately concern my interest, I shall be glad to follow—but not your command. Sir Charles finding he could do nothing with his cousin, waited for Mrs. Harley, who was out, and begged she would forbid the servants to admit Woodford again. The old lady immediately consented, knowing her nephew had sufficient reason, or he would not have desired such a breach of politeness; and directly gave orders to her servant to be denied



nied when George called again. Accordingly when he came in the evening, he was told neither Mrs. or Miss Harley were at home ; but as he had some suspicion of the truth, he, by the help of a crown, found they were denied. He, however, thought it most prudent to go home, and write to Clara for an explanation : but meeting with some of his loose companions in the way, he was easily prevailed on to go with them, nor was he home till six in the morning.

Clara had heard his rap, and was amazed he did not come in. At last she said to Mrs. Harley, who could that be at the door ?

Perhaps

Perhaps, my dear, it was Mr. Woodford, whom I have ordered not to be admitted.

And pray for what, mama?

Because your cousin desired it; and I am sure if there were not particular reasons, he would not have made such a request. Besides Mr. Woodford has made too much noise in the world lately to be seen with us. You would not have thought of that, madam, if Sir Charles had not put it in your head. Indeed I should, child, and intended speaking to Guildford about him, as I did not at all approve his so often coming when I was out. No more was said; and as the foolish, self-sufficient Clara thought

thought nothing could be wrong, she determined to write to him.— She did so, and informed him of the cruel prohibition she had received, never to see him more ; and concluded with hinting, if he would contrive a meeting, she would not refuse him one. This letter she the next morning sent by a porter to his house, and was presented to him on his rising. He was in raptures with the contents, as he now made no doubt of her being a willing victim to his licentious passion. He immediately sat down and answered her billet in the most passionate strain ; he raved at Sir Charles, and swore he would have revenge ; and concluded with desiring her to come to his house that evening,



evening, where she might depend on his honour.

He dispatched his servant with this, with orders to wait her coming out, and then to deliver it. This was done, and miss determined to go. George dined at home, and ordered himself to be denied to every one till the lady came. At seven she arrived; he received her with great gallantry, and gave her a most cordial welcome to his house, assuring her every thing was at her disposal in it. These words alarmed her, as well as the very warm reception she received; but as she knew she was in his power, she strove to turn it into raillery; but he soon gave her room to think herself in the utmost danger, and the

the consequence would have been doubtful, had not Sir Charles Guildford, who had watched her, at the moment rushed into the room. Villain, (cried he as he entered) is this your boasted friendship! And you, unhappy vain girl! is this the return for all mine towards you! But come and hide your shame in a tender mother's arms, who has ill-deserved this of you! You, fir, shall hear from me to-morrow.

He took the hand of Clara, who was bathed in tears, and led her to his coach, leaving our hero overwhelmed with shame for a few moments; but burgundy soon got the better of remorse, and he only curst his disappointment.

Sir

Sir Charles, having seen his cousin to her afflicted parent, returned to his lady, who intreated him not to endanger his life by fighting Woodford. Soon after this Mrs. Harley herself came, to whom Clara had related the whole affair, which Mrs. Harley having told to them, begged Sir Charles would not endanger his life on their accounts, as they would go into the country, when they hoped the affair would soon be hushed up. Guildford assured them he would avoid bloodshed, if possible, but he must go to Bruton-street the next morning. This he did, but on sending up his name, received the following lines from George.

I Can-



**I** Cannot see you, Guildford; but if you seek for revenge, though I will solemnly swear Miss Harley has received no injury from me, I am ready to give you satisfaction at any time or place you please to appoint.

Sir Charles read this note, and returned home, when he took pen, ink and paper, and wrote the following letter :

**W**ELL indeed, Mr. Woodford, may you be ashamed to see a man, whom, as a friend, you have greatly injured. Supposing you have  
not

not hurt the honour of my unthinking cousin, you have ruined her reputation for ever. When I introduced you to Mrs. Harley, I had such a high opinion of you, that had I had a sister, nay half a dozen, I should have wished you to have been acquainted with them all. Did I not even present you to my dear Harriot, though, as I had told you before, I should not have done that, had I not thought your affections engaged to one of the most amiable of her sex. O, George! what will be your feelings some months hence, when, on a retrospect, you think of the many friends you had, and now have not one left! Let me again repeat, what will be your feelings! The Melvills, whom you ought to have looked on as second

cond parents ; the lovely Emma also (not speaking of self). Oh, Woodford ! methinks it will almost turn your brain. Turn, turn, before it is too late. Remember your honoured father's precepts and be wise. You who were the delight, in spite of all your failings, of so many families, are now despised and shunned. Let me again intreat you to consider, that the few who now court your company will soon forsake you, when they hear the real state of your affairs. Duelling you know my sentiments on ; but as I imagine there are things in this letter you may not altogether like, I am ready to give you any satisfaction you may require ; but if you had rather not add blood to your other vices,

hnoo

I shall



I shall seek no further revenge, as your conscience, in due time, will be its own scourge. From henceforth all friendship ends between us, unless indeed you mend ; but as I fear that day is far distant, I shall advise you to forget, as I shall, you ever knew a

## CHARLES GUILDFORD.

Sir Charles, when he had sealed this affecting letter, as I imagine most of my readers will think it, sent it by a servant, with orders to wait for an answer ; but word was soon sent down, it required none. This was great comfort to poor Lady Harriot, who dreaded the event. Guildford now went

to Mrs. Harley, with an offer of a little villa he had about ten miles from London, where she might retire with her daughter, till the talk of the town was a little over. This she gladly accepted, and the next morning both Mrs. Harley and miss set off for Croydon in Surry. Clara was much hurt, and severely mortified at the failure of her schemes.

Mr. Woodford, in the meantime, went on in his usual course. He had slightly perused the contents of Sir Charles's letter, and put it into his pocket-book, promising it greater attention another time. Three weeks after this, on his return from a little excursion to Windsor, he found his house crowded

crowded with bailiffs, who immediately seized on him. Now it was he felt the horrors of his situation—a prisoner in his own house, with not a friend or a guinea to assist him. For two or three hours he was quite stupified; but at length rousing himself, he sent for his lawyer, who soon procured him a son of Israel, to whom he mortgaged his estate, which enabled him to pay off his debts, with the paltry sum of two hundred and fifty pounds, which was all he could reserve for himself, as his house in Hertfordshire and all was gone.

Perplexed and hurt to a degree, he scarce knew what future plan to determine on for a subsistence. He now too well knew every thing



was at an end, and, for the present, took a little lodging in Holborn, for fear of meeting any of his former acquaintance. Every thing was so quickly concluded, that neither the Melvill family, nor Sir Charles's, who were both out of town, heard any thing of it till it was too late to assist him. Sir Charles made the most diligent search, but could not discover his residence. Sir James Sedley was equally concerned with Guildford, as either of those would have assisted him in the hour of distress; but they were forced to give him up, for he was nowhere to be found. Many were the sleepless nights that Lady Emma suffered. Her imagination at one moment presented him in all the horrors of  
want,

want, and at another expiring with remorse and shame. Sir Charles and his lady were scarce less affected, and a universal gloom was spread over the families of the Melvills, Guildfords, and Sedleys.

Thus were they situated while our hero was considering on some future plan to procure a livelihood. He had left Holborn, thinking himself in too public a situation, and was now in a small apartment, up two-pair-of-stairs, near the tower. He had changed his name to Woolmer, and passed for a banker's clerk who was out of business. His landlady, who was a widow with a little daughter, was much pleased with her lodger, as he paid well, and was very regular.

The only things he had been able to save out of the wreck of his fortune, were the pictures of his father, mother, and Lady Emma; the former were set in gold, the latter set round with pearls, (it had been drawn when she was about sixteen) with a gold snuff-box, given him by Sir Charles Guildford. These and his watch were all the valuables he possessed—those were memorials he could never think of parting with. He likewise wished to keep his clothes and linen, as he was not yet certain of the situation he might be placed in. Had it not been for his dying mother's injunctions, he would immediately have gone a volunteer to America; but that put a stop to all thoughts of the kind. He revolved



volved in his mind what plan to pursue, but at present his thoughts were too harassed to fix on any. He could not brook the idea of servitude, neither did he know how to get into any way of business, without some person to give him a character. At length he determined to speak to his landlady: he did, and begged if she should hear of any one who wanted a clerk, or a person to keep books, she would think of him. This she promised to do, and at the same time insisted on his sitting down to dinner with her and her little girl, to eat a bit of mutton, when the following conversation ensued.

The cloth being removed, Mrs. Wisely (the name of our hero's landlady) said—pray, Mr. Woolmer, may I ask the name of the banker you were with? This was rather a puzzling question to George; but soon recovering himself, I must beg you to excuse me, madam, as the gentleman has been rather unfortunate; for which reason, as he is now out of the kingdom, I should not choose to mention his name.

O, sir, far be it from me to desire any such thing. I am not an inquisitive body, I assure you; but you know if I enquire for a place for you, it will be natural for people to ask where you have lived. Very true, answered he with a sigh; but——

but——He stopt. But what, sir?  
You seem uneasy.

I am so, madam; for I have not one friend to whom I should choose to apply for a character; yet, by some means or other, I must get my bread. In short, I have the misfortune to be poor, and my relatives rich.

I understand you, I understand you: many a poor body has good relations, which they had been better without. However I will do all in my power to serve you, as you seem a good sober sort of young man, and not like most of our young blades of the present times. George bowed, and a friend coming in, would have withdrawn,



but Mrs. Wisely would not let him. This visiter was a young woman about twenty-six ; not a bad face, though masculine. Her Father kept a great flop-shop in Wapping, and, as she was the only child, had endeavoured to give her what he called a good education, which was a smattering of French, to make a curtsy, and to work tambour. This was the lady who entered Mrs. Wisely's parlour : she flung herself into her chair, protesting she was tired to death.

You came a good way perhaps, madam, said George. Why, no, sir ; not such a vast way neither : Wapping is not such a great way from here, you know, sir.

I really

I really am not acquainted with that part of the town.

No! Lord, it is a delightful place, there is such a bustle always.

I thought it was mostly for sea-faring people.

So it is, which makes it the more agreeable, only indeed they swear a little too much.

Pray, Miss Polly, is business brisker now than when I was last at your father's? asked Mrs. Wisely.

O yes, much more so; the war goes on so briskly, that it makes every thing brisk. With suchlike  
dis-

discourse was our hero entertained till tea was over ; he then took his leave, rather sick of his company, though sometimes not a little diverted. As soon as he was gone, Miss Polly asked in great haste, whom that smart young fellow was.

He is a young man who lodges with me ; he wants a place, and I have promised to recommend him, though I should be sorry to part with him, as he is a very sober, sedate young fellow. Well, I *purtest*, Mrs. Wisely, you have all the luck of getting handsome lodgers:—thus did she run on in his praise. While he was walking to the other end of the town, he could not help thinking of the difference



ference of his present situation with his former :—received into the best companies, carested by the women, envied by the men :—now glad to put up with the conversation of any who came in his way. He sighed at the retrospect, and determined, if possible, to banish thought. Looking about him, he found himself in Covent-Garden, when he resolved to step into the play-house, in hopes of giving a new turn to his ideas. He went up to the two-shilling gallery, and it being a benefit night, it was with difficulty he got a seat.

But here he found no respite ; his thoughts wandered to his own misfortunes, and he was wrapt in silent gloominess, though every one  
else

else laughed around him. The farce being over, the people crowded out, and he followed. Just as he got into the passage, a servant in livery pushed by, and holloosed out, the Earl of Beverly's carriage! He started at the sound, and had just presence of mind to slip behind some more people who stood to make way, when he saw Lady Emma, led by the Marquis of Fanningford. She looked pale and melancholy, and not a smile escaped her. George gazed on her till the coach drove off, and then hastened home in a state of mind not to be described, and went up to his apartment immediately, complaining of a head-ach, He traversed his chamber, read Sir Charles Guildford's letter ;

letter ; then stamping his foot—yes, Guildford, you are right ; it does indeed almost turn my brain. He at length grew composed, and threw himself on the bed, but could not sleep ; the pale face of Emma presented itself.

Oh, God ! cried he, is it possible she can think of such a wretch as me ? I dare not cherish the idea. In this manner did he torment himself during the night, and in the morning found he was feverish, and much indisposed. He, however, went down to breakfast, when his landlady took notice of his looks. He turned it off, saying he had a most cruel head-ach ; but before the day was over, he was obliged to go to bed very ill : he  
was



was light-headed the rest of that day and the next, and raved much about Miss Melvill. By this Mrs. Wisely concluded he was in love, which conclusion was not very wide from the mark. This good woman made him some white wine whey, which throwing him into a perspiration, he the third day found himself much better, when he did not forget to make suitable returns for Mrs. Wisely's care.

He was very low for about a week, but at the end of that time was again able to walk out. He was always afraid of being met by some of his former acquaintance. He bethought himself of a wig, but then was quite at a loss what to do with his hair, of which he  
had

had a great quantity. Vanity whispered it would be a pity to cut it off; at last he concluded to turn it all up under the wig. He being in the street when this whim seized him, he immediately went into a peruke-maker's shop, and bought one and put it on, as he wished to see if it made any material alteration. This he was soon convinced of, for on Mrs. Wisely's opening the door, she stared, and for some time could not recollect him. He laughed heartily, and was inwardly pleased. She asked him why he had taken that whim. I am sure, added she, it is a pity to hide your hair.

But I don't think my own hair agrees with me.

Well,

Well, then you must cut it off ; you won't wear that and a wig too ; will you ?

No, answered he laughing, but I want to see first how I like it. Go to, go to ; you are a whimsical chap, said the old lady.

George went up to his room, much delighted at the success of his scheme, but on looking in the glass, thought he was not yet disguised enough ; he therefore determined to hide one of his eyes with a black ribbon, but how to do it without the deceit being discovered by Mrs. Wisely he knew not. But necessity, I have heard say, is the mother of invention ; so it proved with George, who went out that evening



evening about seven o'clock, and going into a shop, bought some black ribbon, some gold-beater's skin, and some sticking-plaister. He was now as much at a loss how to get it on, but recollecting he had heard the child say her mother was going out the following evening, he resolved to stay till then, when he could easily impose on the servant girl, who was a mere simpleton. Impatiently did he wait till the next day, which being come, he went out early, saying he should not return till night. About seven in the evening he went home, with a handkerchief bound all round his head, and over one eye, and knocking at the door, asked the girl if her mistress was come home. She told him, no; at the same time crying,  
for

for God's sake what's the matter, sir ! Why, child, I have had a fall, and believe have almost cut my eye out. I was in hopes Mrs. Wisely was come in, but as she is not, I must go to a surgeon, but will first step up stairs ; the girl offered to assist him, but he told her no, he needed none, and hurried up to his room, where, fastening the door, he began his work. First he put a large piece of gold-beater's skin, then some sticking plaister, and last of all the ribbon, which he bound tight round his head, under his wig. This being done, he again put the handkerchief on, and went down, telling the girl he would go to a surgeon whom he knew at the other end of the town. He passed his time at a coffee-house  
till

till ten o'clock, when he again returned, when Mrs. Wisely run out to meet him, having heard of his mischance by the girl. Good Lord, (cried the good woman) what a sight ! George made a woebegone countenance, though never more inclined to laugh since he had known her. I have had a terrible accident indeed, madam ; as I was going along Snow-hill, my foot slipped, and I fell and cut my eye in a most shocking manner. I came home, having bound it up, that you should see it ; but you not happening to be in the way, and the necessity being very great, I went to a friend of mine, who assures me if I let it alone it will soon be well.

Well,



Well, for my part, never did I see such an alteration ! no one would know you for the same : what with the wig, and what with the patch, you are quite a different person. Our hero could have hugged her for this information. And so, my dear Mrs. Wisely, (said he laughing) you hardly know me ? No, upon my word ; however I am glad to see you so merry : few with such a pair of eyes as you are possessed of would be so unconcerned at the loss of one. George bowed at this compliment, and sat down to supper in a more cheerful humour than she had ever seen him, though he did not forget to sometimes cry, O ! as if he felt great pain. He could not help laughing, whenever he viewed his face in the glass,

glafs, to fee what a ridiculous figure he cut; but he found the convenience, for he often in his perambulations met some of his former acquaintance, who paffed on without recollecting him.

He one day ventured to Cavendish-square, that he might once more feaft his eyes on his dear Emma, if ſhe ſhould chance to be at the window. This he was ſucceſſful in, for ſhe was looking out of her dreſſing-room. He gazed on her with delight for ſome moments; ſhe ſeemed wrapt in thought, and paid very little attention to the various objects paſſing. He was juſt thinking of returning, when he ſaw Sir Charles Guildford on the oppoſite ſide of the ſquare.

square. This made him turn down the first street, and to rather fly than walk till he knew himself quite out of reach. He was the more alarmed as he saw Sir Charles's eyes were fixed on him. This was the truth, for Guildford had seen a person standing, as he came along, facing Lady Emma's window ; the figure was George's, but could not see his face. For this purpose he was hurrying towards him, when, of a sudden, he turned down the next street, and was out of sight in an instant, though he pursued him as fast as possible.

He returned to the square, as he had seen two servants at a door near which this man stood, and determined to ask them a description  
of



of him ; but he thought they had cleared up all doubt, by telling him he seemed an elderly man, with a wig, and a black patch over one eye ; this intelligence satisfied Sir Charles, and he walked away.

Our hero now thought he had had a narrow escape, and resolved to be more circumspect for the future. As soon as he reached home, he was met by Mrs. Wifely, who told him she hoped she had heard of a place that would suit him. This greatly pleased George, who was not only tired of an inactive life, but alarmed for his money, which ran very fast. They being seated, Mrs. Wifely thus began.

VOL. II.

F

You

You must know, Mr. Woolmer, I have a relation, a very eminent mercer in Cheapside. Now, he don't take a great deal of notice of me, because, forsooth, I happened to be a little worse in the world than he; howsomever he now and then calls, which he did this morning, and very sorry was I you were out. He asked me, among other questions, what lodgers I had. I told him none but one young man who wanted a place. He directly asked what place you were fit for.

Why, returned I, he would be glad of a clerk's place, to keep books, or in short, any thing a little genteel; for I assure you, he seems to have known better days, and,

and, I believe, is as sober and honest a young fellow as ever lived.

Well, answered he, you give him so good a character that I am almost tempted to take him myself, if I can depend on his honesty, for by your account he has none to speak for him but you. I again spoke much in your favour. Here George was going to return her thanks for her kindness, but she stopped him.—Stay till I have done. I likewise added, you had said you had friends, and I supposed you could apply, if there was necessity, for a character from some of them. He said he believed there would be no occasion; that he would see you, and if each liked the other, he would engage you



immediately, to superintend his books and business, as he being in years, found it rather too much; and now how do you like my scheme? O, madam, I cannot express my gratitude! excuse me, for I cannot find words. Mrs. Wisely interrupted him with saying, all the return she desired was to see him now and then. This he faithfully promised, and then asked when he was to see the gentleman. Why, he has promised to drink tea with me this afternoon. I told him of your misfortune, but at the same time hoped it would soon be well. I mentioned not a word about your wig, as I must insist on your leaving that off. Indulge me, dear madam; I have particular reasons which make that impracticable:

one

one day or other, as a return for all your kindness, you shall know my reasons.

You are a strange young man ; but resolve me one question :—Is not your eye likewise a deceit ?

Oh ! Mrs. Wisely, will you not think, when I tell you it is, that I have done something villainous ? but if you will extend your charity, and believe me innocent of any guilt, but towards myself, you will one day or other, I hope, have no occasion to repent it ; nor shall it be many months longer before you shall know every incident of my life. Well, well, I must believe you, and will have patience (a rare virtue in a woman) till you

can inform me of your history, but as we seem grave let us turn the discourse. You don't know the name of this master of yours, that is to be. George smiled, and said he would thank her to inform him.

His name is Freeport; he is a widower with one daughter, whom he is very fond of, and who is quite the fine lady. She is tolerably pretty, and not ill-natured, where she takes a fancy, but in the general proud and fantastical. A 'prentice, two maids and a footman, form at present the whole of their family. Miss Freeport has many admirers; but whether there is a favoured one among them I know not. Now, were it not for that black patch and wig, you might



might stand a fair chance. I can't have the vanity to suppose there would be the danger you speak of; but as a proof of my confidence, I will shew you a picture which for ever puts a bar to another love! He then produced his Emma's portrait, at which Mrs. Wisely expressed a great deal of pleasure, and declared it was the sweetest face (without being the handsomest) she had ever seen; she likewise bid him have a good heart, as there was so great a likeness between them, she had no doubt of their coming together. Woodford shook his head, sighed, and replaced the picture in his bosom. Soon after this Mr. Freeport entered, and was immediately prejudiced in favour of our hero. Every thing was

agreed on to their mutual satisfaction, and George promised to take up his abode in Cheapside the following evening; this he spent with Mrs. Wifely (the old gentleman soon after taking his leave) till a late hour, and there was a mutual regret on both sides when they thought of parting. At length the time arrived, and George stepped into a hackney-coach, with his trunks, having promised his landlady to call in two or three days to let her know how he went on.

As the coach was rolling along, he thought of the various circumstances of his life. He that had but a few weeks before, servants, carriage, every thing at his command, was now in a manner reduced

duced to servitude himself. Yet, whom have I to blame? I had always good advisers from my childhood; even when I lost my parents, I had those who would have been substitutes for them, would I have listened to their admonitions! yet could I ever have known the true value of life, if I had not been thus reduced? I fear not. In short, I have been like a forward child, bent on its own undoing, and as Sir Charles justly said in his letter, my conscience is now my scourge.

The coach now stopped at Mr. Freeport's. It being eight o'clock, the shop was shut up; he got out, and having helped out his trunks, was ushered into the parlour, where Mr. Freeport and his daughter



were. The old gentleman received him very cordially, and taking his hand turned, to Miss Freeport—this, my dear, is the young gentleman who, I hope, will ease your old father of some of the fatigues of business. George bowed, which she returned with a slight inclination of her head, without deigning to rise. They now (that is Mr. Freeport and George) entered into conversation, in which the former was much pleased to find the latter very entertaining.

Miss had now leisure to observe our hero, and could not help thinking, from the appearance of his right eye, that it was a pity his left should be hid. His other features, which were remarkably regular and  
good

good, she could not fail to admire; and concluded, that setting aside his great wig and patch, he must be very handsome. These were her comments on our hero, while the following were his observations on her. He saw she had a pretty face, though a very unmeaning one; she was of a middle stature, but very clumsily made. He found she had a great deal of pride; and in short, had none of that ease so conspicuous in a woman brought up at the court-end of the town. She said but little, but what she did shewed her understanding not very bright.

Supper being over, he was shewn his room by the man, which he found neat and comfortable; and  
where

where he enjoyed a better repose than he had for some nights before. Perhaps this might be owing to three glasses of wine he had drank after supper—an indulgence he had seldom allowed himself since his misfortunes.

He the next morning entered on his business, with an alacrity which greatly pleased Mr. Freeport; and he soon found that his affairs were as well transacted by George as ever they were by himself. Mr. Freeport was a very just, good kind of man, and knew when he was used well. When he had once taken a person into favour, it was no easy matter to put him out; to those he was generous, though never profuse. He had amassed a  
tole-



tolerable fortune, but as he preferred an active life, he still kept on business, and with the more convenience, now he had so good an assistant.

Our hero had been about a month in his new situation, when one morning at breakfast, Mr. Freeport, who was reading the news-paper, repeated the following paragraph aloud.

“Yesterday morning the Earl of Beverly’s family set off for Bristol, for the recovery of Lady Emma Melvill, who is supposed to be in a declining state.”

George, who had just taken up his tea, was scarce able to hold his  
cup,

cup, while Mr. Freeport said—the Beverly family! whose is that? do you know Mr. Woolmer? To the latter's great relief, Miss Freeport answered—is it not, papa, the Mr. Melvill of Hertfordshire, who is lately come to that title? Ay, ay, true, so it is, my dear; they used to lay out some money here, but we have not seen them lately. He again took up the news-paper, and no more was said on the subject; but Woodford had enough to think of the ill-health of his Emma; it spread a gloom over his features which he was unable to dissipate. Beside this, he thought of the risk he ran, as they might happen to come in while he was in the shop.

These

These thoughts occupied his mind and made him (tho' he did not neglect his business) exceedingly dull and low. This did not escape the notice of Mr. Freeport, who kindly enquired into the cause, but to no purpose.

Trade being rather slack, he insisted on Mr. Woolmer's going to his little villa at Hampstead for a few days.

This George refused, but as the old gentleman insisted on it, he complied. He soon found the benefit, and both his looks and spirits were restored. He visited about with Miss Freeport, and found a good reception wherever he went. They had frequent Balls, and  
George



George as usual always acquitted himself the best; as he was now so constantly with Miss Freeport, she discovered twenty *agremens* she had not perceived before. He indeed now took more pains to render himself both agreeable and serviceable to her, not from any interested view, but merely to endeavour at repaying the obligation he owed her father. She was a very bad proficient in music, and he being a remarkable good one, he offered to instruct her, and she soon found improvement from her new master. Drawing likewise, he gave her some sketches of, which she copied, and he found her in every thing she undertook, a much apter scholar than he had at first imagined. She in the mean time discovered that she  
had

had need of her whole stock of pride to withstand the various attractions display'd by our hero. Her father was quite delighted at the improvement she made, and kept his young friend as he always call'd him, a month instead of a week, and when business called him to town, his departure was greatly regretted on all sides.

Mr. Freeport desired he would spend his Sundays with them, for the convenience of which, he always sent his horse to town on the Saturday, to convey Woolmer the next morning. — As he was one day just returned from Hampstead, sitting in the shop, a carriage stopped, a young lady got out he thought he had some knowledge of. He attended her commands, when she desired

desired to see some black lutestring; she bought a piece, and ordered it to be sent to Sir Robert Finley's in Pall-mall. He recollected it was the young lady he had once seen at Mr. Melvill's. As he was handing her to the coach, the marquis of Fanningford passed, and immediately stopped to speak to Miss Finley. When she among other questions asked him if he had heard from Bristol. He answered with a sigh, he had, and that Lady Emma was much better.

This was a cordial to the heart of George, tho' he did not altogether like the notice the marquis seemed to observe him with: the coach drew off, and Fanningford walked away; tho' certain it is, with a mind strongly



ly impressed he had somewhere seen George, not that he so well recollected his face, as his voice and figure.

Woodford took particular care not to be seen in the shop any more that day, as he feared a discovery from his rival. On the following Mr. Freeport and his daughter came to town, miss being to go to a city ball, where Woolmer was to attend her. On this account George retired to dress about three o'clock, as they dined at four, and Mr. Freeport remained in the shop.

In the interim the marquis came in and desired to see some silk, he looked around for the same person whom

whom he had seen the day before, but was disappointed, and was forced to quit the house without his curiosity being satisfied. He did not chuse to ask any questions of Mr. Freeport, tho' if he had, it is more than probable his answers would have strengthened him in his suspicions. As it was, he gave up the thought of the young man whom he had seen the day before being Woodford, and the next day set off for Bristol.

The Marquis no longer expected Lady Emma for a wife; he found her heart was more George's now than ever, yet he still loved her, but was endeavouring to place his affections on Miss Haverford, who he thought (spite of the little vanity which

which he possessed), shewed great regard for him. For this purpose was his present journey to Bristol, where that young Lady was with the Beverly Family. Emma had likewise discovered the secret, which he had so studiously endeavoured to hide, and did all in her power to promote the match. Her ladyship's health had been for some time in a very bad way, and the uncertain fate of George rendered her miserable, could she have been assured of his being well and happy, she would have endeavoured to have been more contented; but the uncertainty of that, as none of his friends could get the least intelligence of him, made her fear the worst consequences. She knew he had been brought up to no manner  
of



of business, and she likewise knew the chance of the army was denied him.

These thoughts at length effected her health, and a consumption was dreaded by all her friends, but an eminent physician being called in, soon restored her. He then sent her to Bristol, whose salutary waters, together with her own exertions, soon rendered her once more the blooming Lady Emma Melvill. Many were the offers she earl received, but they were immediately rejected, as she obtained a promise from her parents, to let her lead a single life.

This being granted, she assured them she would endeavour to regain

gain her former cheerfulness; which endeavour they had the pleasure to perceive she put in practice with success.

The Earl of Beverly had written to the Marquis of Fanningford to inform him of his daughter's amendment, and likewise of her resolution, this resolution it was that occasioned the sigh that escaped him, when Miss Finley enquired after the health of Lady Emma.

—Notwithstanding this friendly warning from the earl, he could not help being struck with her ladyship, as since he had known her, she had never looked so well, but he exerted all his philosophy and paid all his attention to Miss Haverford alone.

Sir

Sir Charles Guildford, Lady Harriot, with the Countess of Farmley were likewise there; as a sincere friendship was formed by the means of Sir Charles between his lady and Lady Emma; this was very agreeable to both parties, more especially to the latter, who often indulged herself by talking of the lost Woodford, with Lady Harriot and her friend Sabina; his faults and his virtues were equally discussed, and very seldom was it, that Emma would suffer the latter to be over-ballanced by the former.

We will now return to our hero, who if it had not been for a thought now and then of his Emma, found himself as contented as he ever did in his splendor.

The



The Town being very thin, and he being frequently at Hampstead, he was tempted to leave off his wig, which made such an improvement, that every one took notice of it.— To deny this raised his vanity might perhaps be a falsity, for as fortune smiled on him, this foible increased, nor is it much to be wondered at, for every one, rich and poor, sung his praise, the former for his good humour, politeness, and conviviality, which he always displayed when in company; the latter for his bounty, as they were continually receiving some charity from him, at least what his income allowed, which was not very trifling, as his salary was ample from Mr. Freeport.

Time glided quickly and pleasantly away, when the November month called them to town to attend business.

This was not much regretted by Miss Freeport, as she could enjoy the company of Mr. Woolmer in town, with less interruption than in the country, as she had by being so much with him, lost her heart before she was aware of it.

George could not be blind to this, but, scarce to be believed, he was sorry for it. He feared the consequence, for if his heart had not been already engaged, Miss Freeport would have been the last woman he would have chosen for a wife.

He

He determined when he got to town, to apply himself studiously to business, as by that means he might avoid any private tete-a-tete with her, at least so often; but as he in a manner had become her master, he found this impossible, as he not only had greatly improved her in music, and drawing, but had lately begun teaching her Italian, which he himself had not been sensible before he was such a proficient in. This endeared him to the old gentleman so much, that in his heart he wished for no greater felicity than to see Mr. Woolmer his son, tho' he at the same time felt a little check at seeing the indifference his young friend always shewed when he spoke of his daughter.



Certain it is that miss received great improvement from George, for by being so constantly a witness to the sweetness of his disposition, (for they had never seen him out of temper since they had known him) greatly amended her's, and she by degrees left off that ostentatious pride that had been visible to every one before she knew him.

Woodford being now a good deal in the shop, grew fearful of being discovered, and blamed himself very much in leaving off his wig, which he knew not how to resume without assigning some proper reason to the Freeports. This he imparted to Mrs. Wisely, whom tho' I have for some time neglected, our  
hero

hero did not. He often went to see her, and told her most of the occurrences which passed; to her therefore he imparted the grievance of his wig. She at first laughed at him, but at last finding him serious, she advised him to again put it on, and if a reason was asked, to tell them what he had told her. This advice he determined to follow, and the next morning appeared at breakfast with his wig.

Miss Freeport tho' she wondered at this sudden whim, forbore to ask any questions, and Mr. Freeport either did not or would not perceive it.

Thus did George escape the interrogation he at all times dreaded.

True it is, that Mr. Freeport's curiosity was highly raised, yet there was a something in Woodford's appearance, that created even an awe in those he was dependant on.

His education and the ease of his carriage convinced Mr. Freeport that he had been brought up a gentleman, and he sometimes even thought of the real cause, that his extravagance had reduced him to what he was ; then again he wondered so fine a young man should prefer the line of life he was at present in, to going into the army. Often and often has he supposed many different things, and rejected them again. At length he determined to wait with patience, till  
some



some accident brought it out; which accident, to this old gentleman's sorrow, was not far off.

Miss Freeport having some business at the other end of the town, prevailed on Mr. Woolmer to accompany her. On their return they saw a carriage at the door, but being in earnest discourse, George did not observe the livery, but the first object that struck his sight on entering the shop was Lady Emma Melvill; he was almost ready to sink at the rencounter, and was hurrying through the shop when Mr. Freeport said—be so good, Mr. Woolmer, to shew this lady some white lutestring. Our hero now tried to recollect himself, and as Mr. Freeport was talking to Lady Emma,

who had not once looked up, he hoped to escape her notice, and resolved to disguise his voice, but how was he again struck when he found the other lady to be Miss Haverford! 'twas in vain he tried to recover himself, his hand shook as he unfolded the silk, and he could not articulate a syllable.

Miss Haverford had been struck with him when he entered with Miss Freeport, she observed him attentively as he was taking down the silk, when his tremor, without any other proof, would have convinced her it was Woodford.

Quite at a loss what to do, as she dreaded the consequence of alarming her friend, she determined

ed at that time to take no notice, when suddenly Lady Emma uttered a faint scream, and had not George leaped over the counter in a moment and received her in his arms, she would have fallen to the ground; he carried her into the parlour, and desired Miss Freeport to fetch drops and water.

He was almost-distracted till she opened her eyes, and had forgot his situation, disguise, and every thing. At length she recovered. She said, oh! Mr. Woodford, how could you so long hide yourself from your best friends!—

George knelt at her feet, and pressing her hand to his lips, cried, can my Emma forgive me? Then

G 5 suddenly



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suddenly starting up, he exclaimed  
with passion, my Emma, did I  
say! no, you are Fanningford's by  
this time.

This change reduced Emma almost to her former condition, when Miss Haverford catching hold of the arm of George, for he was hurrying out of the room, stay, Mr. Woodford, don't be so precipitate, the marquis is nothing to Lady Emma, for he is engaged to——

To whom? cried he hastily.

Why, to me then, if you must have it.

To

To you, Miss Haverford; than I am indeed happy; yet what am I saying, there can be no happiness for me!

Mr. Freeport and his daughter were gone out of the parlour when the above passed.

Lady Emma now rising, said, it is your own fault, Mr. Woodford, if you are not happy; go home with us, and I will venture to assure you of a good reception.

George took hold of her hands, angelic woman, can you thus generously forgive me! but I cannot forgive myself Emma.

Pha,

Psha, psha, cried Sabina, fiddle of your forgiveness, lead us to the coach and escort us home ; but for heaven's sake why did you make yourself such a figure ?

To prevent my being known, but as I cannot think of appearing in Cavendish-square in this trim, if you, my dear Lady Emma, will insure me the reception you so kindly bid me hope, I will be with you in less than an hour.

Neither of the ladies greatly relished this, and they would have persuaded him to go with them ; or they would wait till he was ready, but this he would not hear of, assuring them he would keep his word.

He



He now led the ladies to the carriage; Lady Emma having made an apology to the Freeports for the trouble she had given them.

As the coach drove off, she had a strong presentiment she should never see him more, she imparted this to her friend, who tho' she strove to comfort her, was not of a far different opinion. They determined as soon as they got home, either to send the earl or Lord Henry to him.

In this situation we will leave them and return to George.

As soon as the coach drove from the door, he returned into the parlour, where Mr. Freeport expressed  
some

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some astonishment at what he had  
just heard and seen.

Excuse, my dear sir, any particular detail at present, suffice it to say that my real name is Woodford, that I am an unfortunate young fellow, who have run out of my whole estate by my imprudence and folly. I was engaged to the young lady you saw this morning; but having rendered myself unworthy, I wished to avoid her presence for ever. It is not without pain, Mr. Freeport, that I find myself necessitated to take my leave of you and your daughter, as I cannot be longer concealed here; I must find some other place to hide me in.

Why

Why must you leave us? cried the old gentleman, or why would you fly from this young lady, who seems to have so thorough a regard for you?

Excuse me, my dear sir, I must be gone, farwel, Miss Freeport; he advanced toward her, she trembled.

But, my dear Mr. Woolmer, there are many things to settle before we part, rejoined Mr. Freeport, you shall be concealed in this house if you chuse it.

That cannot be, but I will see you again in a day or two. He then ran out of the house, and made the best of his way to Mrs. Wisely's, whom he begged to deny him to  
every



every one. She was quite alarmed at the wildness of his looks, and indeed his whole behaviour: he walked up and down the room in the utmost distraction for some time.

Certain it is, his mind was a perfect chaos; he had been ascertained of the love of Lady Emma, more from that morning's rencounter, than he had ever been before: yet to what purpose could he, who had not a shilling in the world, think of allying himself with the Beverly family.

Yet he found it hard to give up so pleasing a prospect of happiness; but a few moments reflection convinced him, that his honour demanded the sacrifice, and he determined

terminated to write to Lady Emma in lieu of seeing her.

He then begged Mrs. Wisely to procure him a pen and ink, and likewise to deny his being there to any stranger; nay even to the Freeports, assuring her, he would clear up every doubt before he rested that night.

This, with some few scruples, she promised to do, and then left him to himself.

In the meanwhile Lady Emma had related the affair of the morning to her father, who immediately set out to fetch Woodford. But how disappointed was the good earl to find he was almost half an hour too

too late. He begged Mr. Freeport to tell him how he first became acquainted with George. This he did, not forgetting to launch out frequently in his praise.

The earl was pleased to hear so good an account of him, and could not help having hopes of his returning to them, if some of his friends could but find him, and talk with him.

Unfortunately for all, Sir Charles Guildford was not in town, else he would have been the first person pitched on to discover him.

The earl having obtained Mrs. Wisely's direction from Mr. Freeport, returned home, intending to  
send



send his son, as he thought if he went himself he might not so easily gain admittance.

He did all in his power to raise his daughter's spirits, and desired Lord Henry to go to Mrs. Wisely's and see if George was there ; if he was, to assure him all past follies would be forgotten, and that he would be received by every one in Cavendish-square, as if nothing had happened.

Lord Henry set out with a very ill-will on his errand, and devoutly wished he might not succeed ; nor did his sister think it would ; it was too slender a twig to hold by, and she gave up all thoughts of seeing him more ; nay she went so far as  
to

to think he was engaged to Miss Freeport, and that that was the reason of his coolness to her.

In the mean time Lord Melvill arrived at Mrs. Wisely's, and slightly enquired if Mr. Woodford lived there. On being answered in the negative (for Mrs. Wisely did not really know him by that name) he walked away, and after spending an hour elsewhere, returned home, assuring his sister, he had made diligent search, and he could nowhere find him.

Lady Emma being prepared for this, did not discover so much uneasiness as every one thought she would.

No!

No! cried she, I now give him up; his heart is engaged elsewhere, and that is the reason of his behaviour. And tho' her friends did not think this opinion just, they let it pass, and did all in their power to restore the tranquility she had just began to assume.

In the mean time George having finished his letter, which was to Lady Emma, I will here lay it before my readers.

**W**HAT will Lady Emmathink, when instead of seeing Woodford at her feet, she receives a cold inanimate bit of paper. Yet my Emma, permit me once to call you by that endearing title, did you  
but



but know what I suffer by this sacrifice you would pity me, but it is a sacrifice due to justice and honour. What! should the beggared, dishonoured Woodford, who has for these last twelve months been dependant on the bounty of others; should he come into such a family? No; forbid it heav'n! by my own cursed folly am I estranged from that family, the only one on earth I could have been happy in: yet my heart is still the same, nor will it ever own another mistress. No; on my knees I swear it, that let what will befall me, my heart will ever be with Emma Melvill.—  
Uncertain of what is to follow, I commit myself to the wide world. My pride is still great, nor can I meanly serve for a subsistence; my  
mode

mode of life therefore cannot be fixed; yet do I trust I shall drag through this world of misery without guilt; a foreign clime will be perhaps my next resource; yet while you are single I shall wish to breathe the same air with your lovely self; but the moment you give yourself to another—but whither am I running, there is horror in the thought: but enough; ere you receive this I shall be some miles off, and all search will be vain.

Sometimes deign to think of Woodford, and if it is possible, drop his faults.

Adieu, my first, my only love.  
That heaven may direct your steps,  
and guard your innocence, will  
be

be the ardent and constant prayer  
of

### GEORGE WOODFORD.

When George had finished the above, he tried to compose himself, which having in some measure effected, he went down to Mrs. Wisely, where to his great surprise he found Mr. Freeport and his daughter. He was alarmed at first, but on their all three assuring him of their secrecy if required, he sat down and related a good deal of his story.

At the conclusion, he received their thanks, and both Mrs. Wisely and Mr. Freeport tried to persuade him,



him to once more join his friends and be happy.

He shook his head, saying that was impossible, as he meant to set off for the country to-night.

Miss Freeport, who had hitherto been silent, now joined with her father and Mrs. Wisely, in persuading him, at least to stay till the next night. This he was at first averse to, but on their solemnly assuring him they would not betray him to his friends, he consented.

He was quite at a loss how to get his cloaths from Mr. Freeport's, as he feared being watched; but it

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was at length concluded that they should go to Cheapside about twelve o'clock and convey his things in a hackney coach to Mrs. Wisely's, from whence they could the next night go to the inn.

This was done, and Mr. Freeport paid his young friend his salary, at the same time begging him to accept of notes for five hundred pounds, but this he would not receive, and Mr. Freeport with great difficulty extorted a promise from him, to draw on him if he should be in necessity.

His cloaths being safely lodged at Mrs. Wisely's, the Freeports prepared to take their leave, as George besought them not to come there

there the next day ; as he knew by the description, that it was Lord Henry that had been there, and he feared giving suspicion.

Mr. Freeport wrung the hand of our hero—Farewel, may I yet live to see you one day happy. He was unable to say any more, and George was scarce less affected.

He advanced to Miss Freeport, whose tears could no longer be restrained, he took her hand—adieu, my sweet friend ; but why those drops of sorrow ? sometime hence we may again meet, when I hope we shall still remain friends. She pressed his hand, but could only say, God bless you, Mr. Woodford. He now led her to the coach, where



he again saluted her, and shaking hands with her father, they parted.

He retired to his apartment, where for an hour, he walked about reflecting on his past life.—He thought of Lady Emma, (whose esteem he was now assured off,) with the deepest regret; and he likewise pitied Miss Freeport, whose partiality for him, he could no longer be a stranger to. Is it not enough, cried he, to be miserable myself, but I must make others so too!

At last, wearied with reflection, he sunk in a slumber, which for a short time released him from his troubles.

When

When he awoke, finding himself much refreshed, he began to consider in what manner he could best obtain a future subsistence.

He thought of many schemes, but rejected them all, and at last determined to set off in the coach for Yorkshire, as he had often heard that was a very cheap country. The rest of the morning he spent in packing up; and having disposed his money, which amounted to about two hundred and fifty pounds, in his pocket-book, he went down to dinner with Mrs. Wisely.

The good gentlewoman tried to prevail on George, to tell her what his future intentions were; but

this he would not; nor so much as say to what part of the country he intended going.

At ten he took his leave, and went to the coach with his luggage, and the next morning at four, set off from the inn, in the York fly.

His letter to Lady Emma he had the evening before put in the penny-post.

To describe her emotions at the contents, requires an abler pen than mine. She found she had wronged him in thinking his affections engaged; her tears flowed plentifully, and every word gave her heart a pang. Yes, Woodford, cried



cried she, and single will I ever remain !

The earl and countess read the letter with scarce less emotions than their daughter. They all joined in lamenting Sir Charles Guildford's not being in town, as he might have been more fortunate in discovering him.

For some time their grief was unremitted ; but it wore off as time advanced, and tho' he was scarce ever out of Lady Emma's thoughts, yet as she was assured of his sincere affection under his own hand, she hoped that one day or other providence would again bring them together.

This thought determined her to try at regaining her spirits, which she pretty well succeeded in.

Miss Haverford was soon after this married to the Marquis of Fanningford, which event prevailed on her friend, more than any thing, to clear her spirits, that no cloud might be visible on so joyful an occasion.

Sir Charles Guildford and his lady came to town on this account, but their pleasure was greatly damped by hearing of Woodford's affair.

Various were the stratagems Sir Charles would have put in practice to have discovered him; as it was,  
he

he went to Mr. Freeport's and Mrs. Wisely's, but could obtain no satisfactory account from either ; they each shed tears at his name, and each gave such a character of him, that endeared him to Sir Charles, if possible, more than ever.

The hours now appeared dull and heavy to Mr. Freeport and his daughter, nor were they ever happier than when alone, as they could then talk of their lost companion. The old gentleman now felt all the toil of business, and at last determined to give it up, and retire with his daughter to Hampstead.

As Lady Emma's spirits revived, she again appeared in public ; she

H 5 obtained



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obtained many new admirers, but  
they no sooner made an offer, than  
they were rejected.

Thus were many of the fighting  
swains reduced to despair, and she  
got the title of the fair insensible.  
Many knew the reason of her frigi-  
dity, or was she the only female of  
the beau monde who mourned the  
loss of George Woodford?

Miss Freemore, in spite of what  
had passed between him and her  
father, could not help being sorry  
for his fate, tho' not in the least  
sorry that her rival, as she always  
esteemed Lady Emma Melvill, was  
deprived of him. Lord Freemore  
had lately received proposals from  
Sir Ralph Need, which were readily  
accepted

accepted by all the parties, tho' the baronet was old enough to be her father, but as he was rich, his age was overlooked, and the lady took him to have a title and card tables of her own.

Thus were George's friends situated; let us now return to him, whom we left in the coach.

The morning was dark, cold, and disagreeable, which was not much to be wondered at, as it was the middle of December, and there having been a great deal of rain, the waters were much out, and the roads wet and swampy. He could just discern (being the last ready for the coach) by the light of the lantern, his company, which consisted

sisted of two women and three men, but what or who they were, he could be no judge.

Perpetual yawnings went round till the man set off, when George's companions soon dropt asleep, which he was informed of by their snoring; he was now at full liberty to enjoy his own reflections, which every one must allow could not be the most pleasing.

Having had two hour rest at the inn, he found no inclination to follow the example of his companions, he therefore having tired himself with his meditations, waited with some impatience for day, that he might reconnoitre his company before they awoke. At length Aurora  
appeared,



appeared, but rather in dirty apparel, as the morning was cloudy and wet.

Our hero now looked round, and could scarce refrain laughing aloud at the motley groupe which beset him.—Opposite to himself sat a female, who appeared near, if not quite sixty; she was thin, pale, and meagre; her head leant against the side of the coach, and her mouth being open discovered a set of long irregular yellow teeth; she was in a green habit with a yellow waistcoat, a black hat with gold binding, and pink fatten slippers, which helped to set off not the handsomest foot in the world.

Next

Next this phenomenon, was a young man whose head was leaning on her shoulder, and whose mouth being likewise open, discovered teeth not a degree better than the lady's.

Next him was a young woman who appeared about twenty; she had no pretensions to beauty, but the healthy bloom of her cheek shewed she had seen but little of a town life; her dress was plain, and neat, and George formed some notion that in her at least, he should find a conversable companion. He then turned to his own side, but had but just time to perceive they were elderly men, when a violent jolt of the coach awaked the whole party, and the first words he heard, were—Murrain on thee, aunt, for giving

giving me such a clout on the head,  
say I!

I gave you a clout of the head!  
why, I never touched you, cried  
the old lady in a shrill hollow voice.

Why, what the dickins was it  
then? Do you know, Pat? turning  
to the young woman.

Not I, in a peevish tone of voice,  
was all the answer he received from  
her; whose eyes were rivetted on  
our hero, as indeed were her aunt's,  
(for I ought to have before observed)  
he had left off his wig and black  
patch, and notwithstanding his fa-  
tigue both of body and of mind,  
his eyes had lost none of their  
lustre.

Woodford



Woodford now discovered that the old one was the aunt, and that the young man and woman were her nephew and niece: as they kept jangling on about who gave the blow. George at last said, you are mistaken, sir, it was no fault of the lady's, but a sudden motion of the coach which occasioned the blow you received. This was only answered by a stare from the clown, and eh! sir? He did not think it worth his while to repeat it, therefore was again silent, and the rest followed his example; but tho' they spared him with their tongues they did not with their eyes, as they all three examined him minutely.

The coach soon after stopped to breakfast. George jumped out and handed

handed the ladies into the parlour, which politeness they did not fail to thank him for. They said but little during their repast, as they were all too busy eating to talk much. But Woodford discovered, that the lady in the habit was a maiden, but who did not yet despair of getting a husband; the young one to be a pert, insignificant minx, who thought every man that saw her must be in love with her; and that the young fellow her brother was an ignorant country clown, tho' in his own estimation a paragon of wit.

His other companions he could form no judgement of, as they spoke but little; but their appearance looked like that of farmers.

The

The coachman soon came to tell them the coach was ready; and George handing the ladies in, they took their seats as before. The morning was now a good deal clearer and the sun began to appear.

I fancy it will be a fine day, madam, in spite of the unfavourable appearance of the morning, said Mr. Woodford.

I fancy it will, sir, replied the miss, tho' her aunt was the one addressed. I am sure, Pat, cried her brother, the gentleman did not speak to you, but you love to put your nose in.

Why who did he speak to then, elf?

Why,



Why, to me to be sure, cried the aunt.—Yes, fir, it seems as if it would be a very fine day indeed.

I should be glad to know who you call elf, miss? hallooed the nepew in his sister's ears.

Lord, Tom, if you an't enough to stun one! replied Miss Patty; I wish you would hold your tongue. Perhaps if other folks was to do it first, it would not be amiss.

Do for heav'n's sake children hold your jangling; you really distract my head with your noise.

Marry come up, aunt! do you think I'll take all Pat's impertinence? not I, by my troth, I will give her

as good as she brings at any time I warrant, and then you know we are even. George's muscles were almost cramped by the difficulty he had to keep serious, during this dialogue. He had never heard any thing of the sort before, and could scarce credit there had been such ignoramuses existing. As he could not bring himself to discourse with them, he took out Gil Blas, which he had in his pocket.

The old lady seemed to be inclined for a nap, and her hopeful nephew, taking out a pack of cards, he and his sister went to all fours, tho' there were frequent disputes that one cheated the other. The two farmers had taken the lady's example and were nodding, and often

often did one of their heads fall on George's shoulder, tho' he got as close in the corner as possible.

In this situation they continued till the coach stopped for dinner, at which every one seemed to be equally rejoiced. Mr. Thomas declaring he never had a better appetite in his life; indeed every one ate hearty but Mr. Woodford; tho' his next neighbour, who was Miss Patty, often entreated him to eat some boiled mutton, whilst her brother who sat opposite, pressed him to eat some ribs of beef, which was to him super-excellent; but he could not be persuaded; and he got up from table almost as he sat down.

On



On their being again seated in the coach, every one seemed in a more sociable humour, than in the morning.

The ladies complained it was very cold.—

Cold! echoed Mr. Thomas, I thought you had eat too hearty, as well as I, to feel the cold.

I don't know what you did, replied his aunt, but I did not eat much.

No! why you had two platefuls of mutton, besides a cart load of plumb pudding; and if that's not enough for a lady to eat, I will be shot.

You

You are an impertinent block-head, retorted she, if no one ate more than I, I don't know how people would live.

I'm sure, Tom, said his sister, you need not talk, for I verily believe you could eat a shoulder of mutton to your own share.

Well, marry come up, and so I can, and may be it would not be thought more of than when some one else ate a whole fowl besides bacon and cabbage.

Well, and suppose I did, answered his sister, colouring, there were reasons perhaps——

I know

I know that; but suppose you did get it but seldom, that's no rule but you might have spared a body a bit, who got it feldomer than you.

Well, I do hold your tongue, for you are an ill-mannered bear.

What a jangling you continually keep, at last cried their aunt; but this is always the way, fir, when they are together.

Indeed, madam! answered George, who was the person addressed; the lady and gentleman can then have very little pleasure in each others company.

The



The greatest in the world, replied the clown, for their is no living without wrangling.

And by my troth I believe you, cried one of the farmers, for we have had enough of it this day. A silence ensued for some minutes, when of a sudden the coach broke down, and every one concluded they were killed.

Luckily they received no hurt, but fright from this disaster. Our hero was the first that got out, and went immediately to the assistance of Miss Patty, who really seemed frightened; when her brother who first took care of himself, went to his aunt, and took her in his arms, as Mr. Woodford had done his  
VOL. II. I sister,

sister, but not observing that the ground was marshy and soft, on his going to carry her round to the other side, he found his feet stick fast, and in endeavouring to extricate himself, they both tumbled to the ground; the lady screamed, and Tom bellowed out, he was killed.

George having seated Patty in a little cottage, which was luckily near the spot where the accident happened, went to see after her aunt; but on the scene which presented itself, he could no longer conceal his risibility, but his good nature soon got the better of his mirth, and he hurried to extircate the lady from her muddy bed; tho' not without the loss of her hat, curls, hind hair, and one slipper. He conveyed

veyed her safe to her niece, who, tho' she could not entirely conceal her smiles, she did all in her power to console her aunt. The whole party were now assembled, and every one thanked God, they had got off so well as they had; tho' the old lady sadly regretted the loss of her hair, for tho' her hat and slipper were recovered, the hair was fit for nothing. As it was growing dark apace, they were all alarmed, for tho' the cottage had afforded them shelter in their distress, they had no further convenience for them: in this dilemma, the coachman entered, and told them if they could walk about a mile, there was a tolerable inn, where they might remain till his coach could be repaired, or another



passed by. This was readily accepted, and after a wet dirty walk, they arrived at the inn, (or rather alehouse.) The ladies immediately retired to a warm bed, and Tom and the two farmers sat down by the kitchen fire, and procured themselves a can of ale and some bread and cheese, whilst George, being informed there would be a coach pass by about one or two in the morning, determined if he could procure room, to pursue his journey in that. Finding himself faint and cold, desired to have a room to himself with a fire. He then ordered a pot of coffee, as likewise a boiled chicken for his supper, which together with about two hours sleep and a pint of wine, recruited his

his spirits and made him a new man.

He could not help laughing at the occurrences of the day, and was a little impatient to know what sort of company he should have next. At eleven o'clock he went down to the kitchen fire, that he might be ready when the coach came, but he was then informed that the stage he expected would not pass there till about five in the morning, as they did not set out from where they slept till four, the girl having made a mistake. This was rather a disappointment to George, who was afraid some of his old companions would by that time be ready to join him, and tho' he had not much hopes of having better com-

pany, yet he had rather have a new set, than the old one. He now again went up to his room, but not being sleepy, he sat down and wrote a journal of the day, this amused his thoughts till the clock struck four, when he again descended to the kitchen, where he found Miss Patty with her brother Thomas, and the two farmers. George immediately enquired after their aunt; when miss informed him, on finding it so early, she had again laid down till the coach came. Our hero finding all their intentions coincided with his, sat down contented by the fire-side, till such time as it should arrive. His company were all napping, and he was again left to his own reflections. At a quarter past five the stage came by;  
the



the coachman entered, when the brother and sister, with the two farmers, - set upon him to know if there was room for them ; but he in a surly manner told them he was already full. George was sorry to hear this, but stepping up to him, asked if he could not procure room for him, at the same time slipping half a crown into his hand. This, together with what the people had told him, who had got a good penny by George's supper, made him very civil, and with a low bow, he said, why, sir, I have already my complement ; but as they are all genteel people, and you, sir, seem a gentleman, I will go and see if they will make room. This he did ; Mr. Woodford followed. He saw by the light of the lanthorn, that

there were three ladies, and three gentlemen, and they likewise could perceive he made a genteel appearance, they therefore with very little hesitation consented to make room for him, as they said they were none of them very fat. He now stepped back to the kitchen, to bid his former companions a good morning, who were grumbling at his success, and then got into the coach, with some apology for incommoding them. They soon after this set off, when he found his present companions were far different from his former ones, as they chose to talk instead of sleep. Their discourse was sensible, polite, and clever, and Woodford soon joined with them. He discovered that two of the ladies were sisters,  
and

and that the other was sister to one of the gentlemen; the other two were friends. He waited rather impatiently for day-light, as he had some curiosity to see their faces.—At length the morning broke, which appeared clear and bright, and our hero could see his company. He found the three females to be both young and pretty, and the males cleaver young men. What their opinion of him was, is best known to themselves, tho' certain it is they redoubled their complaisance. George entertained them with a ludicrous account of the day before, which diverted them much, and afforded them entertainment till they stopped to breakfast. This repast was far different to the day before; it was social and agreeable.



The whole day was spent the same, and the conversation never once flagged. In discourse, George asked some questions concerning the place he was going to. They gave him a high description of the city of York, they mentioned different places, among which were Bantry, and Beverly, which they said were very polite towns, the latter especially. About ten in the evening, they found themselves at their journey's end, when the ladies, and gentlemen took their leave of Mr. Woodford, and went to their respective homes.

Our hero having procured a room at the inn, determined to go to bed, and if possible, get a sound sleep that night; thus he did, and rested

rested better than he had done for months before. While at breakfast the next morning, he considered what future plan he must pursue. He knew his stock of money was small, and tho' provisions and board were very cheap in the country, it could not last him for ever.

A thought entered his head of offering himself to some family of repute, to teach Italian, music, and drawing, as the success he had with Miss Freeport inclined him to think he was capable of being a master; but then again he thought, who will take me without a recommendation? This again staggered his resolution, and he determined to procure board and lodging in some farm-house, in a pleasant part of the

the country for the present, and trust to providence for the rest.— For this purpose he hired a horse, it being a fine clear day, and after some hours riding, pitched upon a village about ten miles from Beverly.

It was a small farm-house where he took-up his abode; the family consisted of the farmer, his wife, a son about fourteen, and a daughter about eight years old, whose innocent prattle often diverted our hero's melancholy hours. Tho' he had here none of the luxuries of life, he had the conveniences, and generally sat down to his homely meal with a good appetite. It being Christmas, a number of innocent diversions were formed; George of-

ten



ten compared those amusements with his former ones, and sighed at the retrospect. He commonly arose at eight, that being the hour the family breakfasted; that over, he went with the farmer round his grounds, if it was fine, if not, he sat down and instructed their little daughter in reading and writing. At twelve he went up to his own little apartment, to study for his improvement, which employed him for an hour, when he went to dinner; another hour was spent in walking, and the evening in conversation, or a rustic dance; at ten the family retired to rest, but our hero commonly employed his time till twelve in study. Sometimes thoughts would intrude themselves, and he was forced to lay down his book.

book. Lady Emma occupied his mind continually; he was now assured of her love, which did but render him the more miserable.— His present inactive state of life was ill-suited to his disposition. He had leisure to think, and reflection in his situation was destruction; he had no one he could unbosom himself to. The farmer and his wife were good sort of people in their way, but he that had been used to the conversation of the most sensible and fashionable people, could have very little relish for their's; the novelty at first amused him, but now two months had passed, and he found himself borne down with lassitude and discontent.

In

In this situation was he, when one forenoon as he was strolling along the road, a horse flew swiftly by him without his rider, it instantly occurred to him that the beast had thrown either its mistress or master, (as he could not discern what saddle it had) and he returned back to look for the distressed person. He had not walked many yards, when he perceived, lying on a bank, a young lady, she was to all appearance dead, and her pallid countenance at first made our hero fear she was really gone, but having applied eau-de-luce to her nose, which he always carried about him (as it was his Emma's gift) he perceived her recover. On opening her eyes she faintly exclaimed, Good God! where am I? Don't be alarmed, madam;



madam; you shall be perfectly safe with me. The lady blushed and endeavoured to rise, but found she could not, as she had sprained her ankle. Woodford was again forced to place her on the bank, quite at a loss in what manner to proceed; at this instant to their great relief, the servant came up, and the young lady dispatched him for a carriage; she now made an apology for the trouble she had given her deliverer. George, whose eyes were fixed on her, could not for some moments utter a syllable, at the instant he was gazing on Miss Bolton, he had forgot Lady Emma, and every other female he had ever known. By way of excuse, it is necessary to say that nature had spared no pains to adorn the face of this young lady.

lady. She might really be called a perfect beauty in miniature, for she was remarkably little.

She on her part was not less struck with Mr. Woodford. The country air had given a glow to his complexion, and the regularity of his living, a brilliancy to his eyes, which made him in spite of his uneasiness, if possible handsomer than ever. The eager gaze of George had thrown Miss Bolton into the utmost confusion; and they both remained in an awkward situation till the servant arrived with the carriage. His mistress eagerly enquired if none of the family were at home. To which he returned a negative. Our hero then rose and taking her in his arms lifted her  
into

into the coach, when he summoned resolution enough to ask permission to enquire after her health. Sir, returned she blushing, you will accept of a corner of the coach, I am sure my papa and mama will be glad to thank you themselves. This was what he wanted, but was afraid to ask: he bowed and entered the carriage. Something like a conversation was then began, when the lady informed him, her father's house was at Beverly, but at present they were at a hunting seat, about two miles from where the horse threw her; she added, she commonly rode out every morning, and that her brother had always accompanied her, but having some business, could not that day, which made her venture by herself, but she



she had not proceeded above a mile when the horse was startled by the sudden appearance of a man behind a hedge. It was with great difficulty, continued she, I kept my seat so long as I did, but really believe, when he threw me, I was entirely senseless with terror. The coach soon after stopped, and the lady's father, who was just come home, and had heard of his daughter's accident, came out to receive her. He insisted on Woodford's entering the house, and thanked him in the warmest terms for his kindness to Miss Bolton. The young lady being retired with her mama (who was likewise come in) to have proper care taken of her foot, Sir Richard entered into conversation with our hero, who pleased him so well, he

swore

swore he should not leave them that day. George at first made an excuse, saying the farmer's people would be uneasy, but this was soon obviated by Sir Richard, who immediately sent a servant to inform them of his safety.—Lady Bolton with her daughter, soon returned to the parlour, as the latter had entirely recovered her fright, and the swelling of her instep was greatly abated. The more George saw of Juliet Bolton, the more he admired her; there was a softness in her manners, which reminded him of his Emma. The day was spent in a very agreeable manner; the elder Miss Bolton and her brother having come in just before dinner. This young gentleman was possessed of a great deal of drollery, accompanied

accompanied by good nature; he was very fond of his sisters, particularly of Juliet, and rallied her not a little for venturing out alone. Miss Bolton was not near so handsome as her sister, but was remarkably sensible and excessively lively, was about nineteen; her sister two years younger.

As it will be necessary to give a circumstantial account of this family hereafter, I shall for the present wave any further description of them.

As the evening advanced, Mr. Woodford talked of departing. The whole family, particularly Sir Richard and his son, were delighted with George, but as there was a  
kind



kind of shyness in him, they knew not how to press his stay; his appearance (for tho' our hero's cloaths were plainer now than ever he was accustomed to before, there was an elegant neatness in them that bespoke him what he really was. His address therefore together with his conversation which was both sensible and polite) left them no room to think otherwise than he was a gentleman. Woodford perceived this, and it gave him pain, tho' at the same time he knew it was his duty to undeceive them.

Perhaps the critical readers may here say, they can find no occasion for his so doing. But pardon me; he knew, was he to leave the place, their curiosity would be raised, and  
on

on enquiring, they would find out what he was too proud to reveal; besides, his stock of money was scant, and would not allow of his jaunting from place to place; then again, this family might be of service to him, but how to bring it out that he depended on drawing and music for a subsistence, was "a pill bitter swallow." These thoughts for the last hour had made him pensive and melancholy; this did not escape the notice of this worthy family, but how to attain the cause they knew not; at length Woodford rose to depart, when Sir Richard pressed him to dine there the next day, adding we shall have several friends whom I should be glad to introduce you to. George bowed and thanked him, and with  
some

some hesitation, said, you are very good, sir, to one who is an utter stranger to you, but—he again hesitated, coloured and held down his head. Sir Richard looked at his two daughters, when they immediately took the hint, and rose to withdraw. George perceiving this, instantly recollected himself, and hastened towards them; stay, ladies, cried he, seizing a hand of each, you must not leave the room, a false pride has hitherto hindered me from making myself known, but your generous treatment, sir, (turning to Sir Richard) to a stranger, emboldens me to tell you, I am come into this country to seek a genteel livelihood; misfortune attended me in town, tho' I cannot blame that,—as I too long tried her  
patience.



patience. He stopped. My dear sir, you amaze me much, (replied Sir Richard) we all know fortune to be a sorry jade sometimes, but if she has frowned on you lately, it is no rule she should continue to do so; pray, may I ask what profession you intend to follow?

I have none, sir, in particular, I had some thoughts of offering to teach music and drawing.

Oh! ho! say you so (cried Sir Richard) then I can immediately present you with two pupils, they are neither of them entirely ignorant of those arts, but want improvement; therefore, sir, if you chuse to accept of an apartment in this house, and a seat at our table,

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K

you

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you may enter on your employment  
this instant, if you chuse it.

And would you really, sir, take  
a stranger into your house, with so  
little difficulty ?

Certainly would I ; so modest a  
deportment, and gentleman like  
appearance, can never be a covering  
for a villain ; and so Mr. ———,  
for I know not your name, when  
will you take up your residence in  
this house ?—Your excessive good-  
ness, sir, almost denies me the  
power of utterance, but is it pos-  
sible that the ladies and your son,  
who have been silent spectators of  
this scene, can be of your mind !

They

They all answered in one voice, that Sir Richard's sentiments were theirs.

You are very good, ladies and gentlemen, and if you really will accept of the services of a stranger, I will do all in my power to merit your future favour. My name, sir, (as you justly observed, you are unacquainted with) is George Woodford.

George Woodford! repeated Sir Richard; has your father an estate in Hertfordshire?

He had, sir, but he is now no more; and I, by my folly and extravagance, have no longer a claim to it. But as a further proof, there,

K 2                      sir,



fir, is his picture (drawing the case from his pocket.)

My dear, fir, there remains not a doubt, your own resemblance is sufficient, which I have all this time been trying to recollect; and how delighted shall I be, if I can in any ways contribute to the happiness of my deceased friend's son; we knew one another at college, and were then inseparable, but our estates laying so wide, on leaving Cambridge all connection ceased between us.

Being now near ten o'clock, Sir Richard insisted on sending a servant home with his young friend, as he now called our hero, and likewise insisted he should come to breakfast

breakfast next morning, and spend the day. This he having promised, he departed; leaving every one warm in his praise. As soon as he got home, he retired to his room; the incidents of the day occupied his thoughts, he was in some sort pleased that Sir Richard Bolton knew his father, as it prevented any further enquiry; yet was he not altogether satisfied that his name was known, as many people might recollect *that*, when they did not his person. Another source of uneasiness was the lovely Juliet, she seemed to be the nearest in perfection to Emma of any woman he had ever seen. If I think so now (said he to himself) shall I not do wrong to hazard a nearer acquaintance? Have I not promised

to Lady Emma, never to be another's? yet, can I ever be her's, or indeed any woman's in my present circumstances? But fortune may turn, and this will be a trial; for if I cannot withstand the bright eyes of Juliet, I shall not be worthy of the enchanting Emma; but how madly I talk, can I ever think to have it in my power to address Lady Emma Melvill? no! shall I ever have it in my power to address Miss Bolton? no! why then do I thus torment myself? Shall I forego the esteem of so worthy a family for that idle passion love? it is but a chimerical passion at best, and a very unfit one for me in my present circumstances to indulge; I will therefore enter on my new employment with alacrity, and try by my  
sedulity



sedulity to gain their protection and favour. But whither is your imagination hurrying you, George? are you sure that Sir Richard will on maturer deliberation receive you so cordially as he did this day? rest quiet till to-morrow, when you will know better how to proceed. It was in vain he sought repose, his mind was harraßed with reflection, and he spent the night without the rest he needed; he rose the next morning, and strolled into the garden, as he thought it was too early to go to Sir Richard's; he had not been long there, when he was roused by a smart flap on the shoulder, and a halloo, my friend, what are you thinking of? This salutation, on his turning round, he found came from Mr. Bolton,

who had come to fetch him. They quitted the farmer's together, and proceeded on their walk. It was a charming morning, and the conversation was lively and agreeable. On entering the house, they found the whole family assembled in the breakfast parlour, who all received our hero with the utmost cordiality. Their repast over, Sir Richard invited his young friend to take a walk with him. This George readily assented to, and wishing the ladies a good morning, they quitted the house.

Sir Richard insensibly drew his companion into talk about his parents, and afterwards about his own affairs, when he soon discovered a great share of the truth, tho'  
George

George avoided all mention of the Melvills, or Sir Charles Guildford; he slightly said he had friends, who would have reinstated him in his former splendor, but that he could not bear the thought of being obliged to them, therefore chose to retire, where he thought to be equally unknowing and unknown. Well, but Mr. Woodford (said Sir Richard,) will you accept of my offer of yesterday, till your affairs can be made up; we have all taken so great a fancy to you, that so agreeable a guest will enliven our spirits, and be assured you will be entirely your own master.

If, sir, the young ladies want an instructor, in drawing and music, I shall be happy to accept your

K 5

kind



kind offer.—Well, but would you not rather go into the army?

That, sir, would have been my choice immediately, but that course is denied me, by the request of my dying mother. If that is the case, far be it from me to persuade you, but when will you enter on your new employment? I believe you will find the girls apt scholars. I am ready, sir, whenever you please.

Well then, you are to spend this day here, spend the night also; my son will send his man for your cloaths.

As you are to have company, sir, I should rather you would excuse me

me to day, as your daughters drawing master, so suddenly appearing at your table, will seem singular.

You are quite your father, my young friend, I see, but I shall place you in no such light; I shall present you to all my acquaintances as a particular friend.

You are very good, sir, but then, must I be introduced by my real name, I may meet with some of my former acquaintance who will recollect that, when they may not my person. The person of George Woodford is too remarkable to be easily forgot, but you shall be indulged; take whatever name you please. Woolmer then, sir; but if you could excuse me to day, I should

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should take it as a great favour, and  
will wait on you in the morning.

Well then, if it must be so, it  
must. They now parted, Sir Richard  
for his own house, Mr. Woodford  
for the farmer's.

The truth was, George had many  
little things to settle ; as these  
good people had been so obliging to  
him, he did not like to leave them  
so abruptly. He hastened home,  
and when he informed them of his  
departure, was concerned to see the  
damp it gave them.

He settled all his little concerns,  
and after partaking of a supper,  
which the good dame prepared by  
way of take-leave, he retired to his  
room.



room. After adjusting his clothes he went to bed, but his mind was too disturbed to admit of rest. The change was rather sudden; he thought of the difficulties he should have to encounter, by being so immediately under the same roof with the lovely Juliet.

He likewise felt some uneasiness at being known, as he had rather have been with perfect strangers, and blamed himself not a little for telling his real name, as he had no intention of that from the first; but it was done, and he determined to apply his mind to study, and by that means to banish thought, and improve his young pupils. He arose in the morning but little refreshed; but a spark of vanity still remain-

remaining, he took some pains with his hair, which, for some weeks, he had only combed carelessly under his hat; he put on a plain suit of clothes, and once more appeared the elegant George Woodford. He then sat down to his books till about two, when Sir Richard had promised to send the coach for him, which was indeed necessary, as it proved a wet morning.

He sighed at leaving the peaceful farm, and stepped into the coach with rather a heavy heart. The thought of former happy times, and the retrospect almost unmanned him. He drew from his bosom the miniature of his Emma, in hopes to find some solace in her dear resemblance; but in vain, it served only to remind

mind him of his extravagancies and absurdity. In this manner was his mind occupied when the carriage stopped at Sir Richard's. Mr. Bolton ran out to receive him, and conducted him into the parlour, where he met with a most cordial welcome from the whole family. Their obliging politeness dissipated his chagrin, and revived his spirits, and he soon became the life of the company.

The next day he entered on his business with an alacrity which convinced Sir Richard and Lady Bolton, that he thoroughly understood what he had undertaken.

In this agreeable family his chagrin decreased, and he was so universally



versally beloved by the whole house, that Mr. Woolmer's word was almost a law. Is it then to be wondered, that the innocent heart of Juliet fell a sacrifice to so much merit? Our hero perceived this, and was concerned; for though he had been struck with the beautiful Juliet at first, on a nearer acquaintance, he found her possessed of none of the qualifications he should think necessary in a wife. Her disposition was timid, and she had none of the spirits so justly admired in her sister; neither did George find her so apt a scholar as the latter. The truth was, she paid more attention to the person of her master, than the lessons he gave her. She took no pains to conquer her misplaced affections—  
mis-

misplaced I call them, as the least consideration must have told her, that George was the last person she should have fell in love with.

Sir Richard's estate was far from large, and he had little or no fortune to give his daughters. He wished not to hurry them into matrimony, having no opinion of the state, where the heart, as well as the hand, was not united. The sense and agreeableness of the one, and the beauty of the other, he had no doubt, would procure them deserving men. Riches he considered in no other light than as a very essential point to happiness. He had no idea of love in a cottage, and always said, that if his  
daugh-

daughters were imprudent enough to give their affections to men who could not support them in the style they had been accustomed to, he should rather, nay, endeavour to persuade them, to remain single. Sir Richard and Lady Bolton were not blind to their daughter's partiality to Mr. Woolmer, and certainly would have been more uneasy, if they perceived George took advantage of that partiality ; but on the contrary, they saw he took not the least pains to ingratiate himself, but that he paid much more attention to the elder Miss Bolton than to Juliet. The former was at first in great danger, but soon conquered herself, as she had some share of pride, together with prodigious spirits. She saw the  
the



the danger her sister was in, but for the present took no notice. They were returned to their seat at Beverly, and as they saw a great deal of company, the young ladies found little time for study. Every one that came to the house admired our hero, and likewise spoke highly of the ladies' improvements.

There were several of the women who felt the power of George's eyes; but as he behaved alike to all, they were afraid to fix their affections on him. The men all esteemed him, and he could scarce fail of being happy; yet is there always a something through life, from the prince to the beggar, which makes every one uneasy.

*End of the Second Volume.*



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